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Douglas Bush on Milton • Saroyan on Death After Death

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John Canaday on Latin American Art

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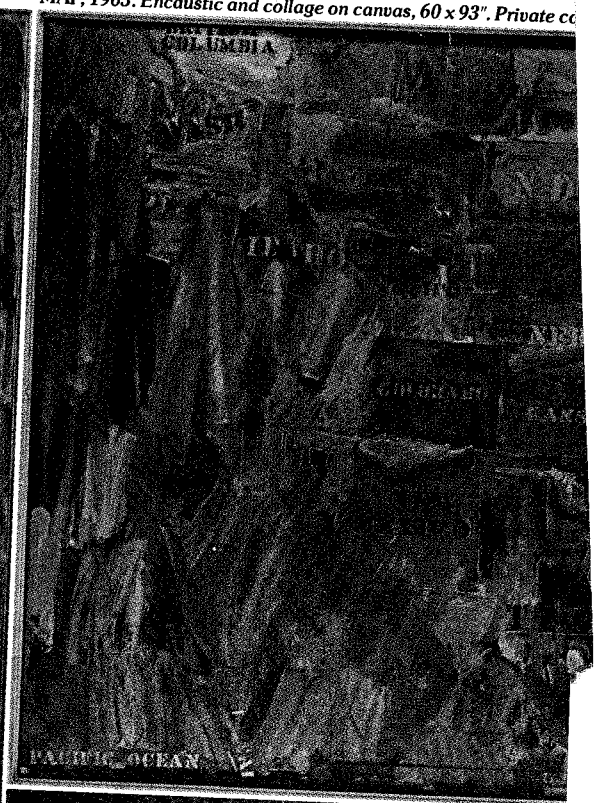
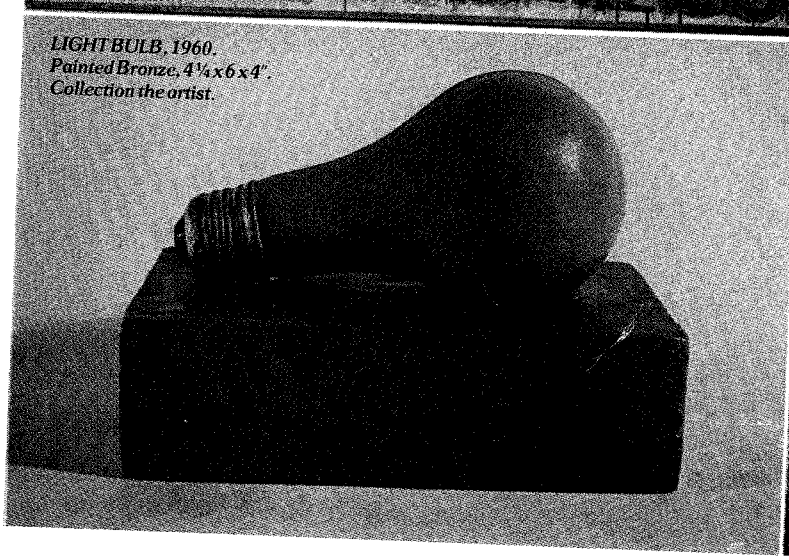
"Take a

GRAY NUMBERS, 1958. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 67 x 49½". Private collection.

MAP, 1963. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 60 x 93". Private co



LIGHT BULB, 1960.
Painted Bronze, 4¼ x 6 x 4".
Collection the artist.



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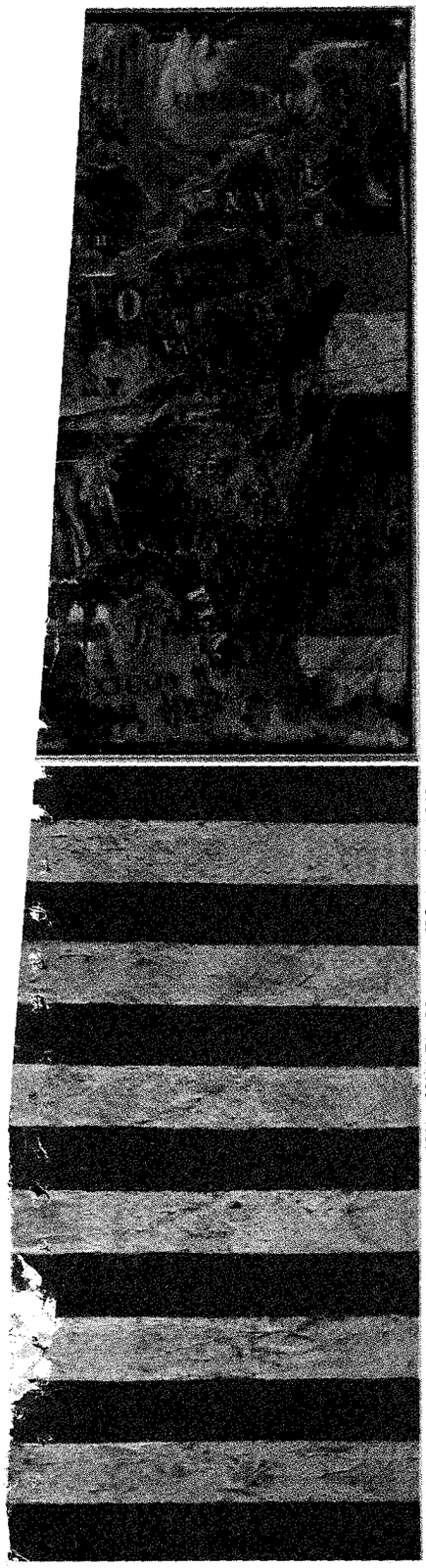

FLAG, 1955. Encaustic, oil and collage on fabric. 42¼ x 60⅝". The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Do something to it. Do something else to it. Do something else to it."

That's a quotation from the notebooks of Jasper Johns, and you can see some of the classic results on the left—and a comprehensive exhibition of his works at the Whitney Museum of American Art this fall.

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TRB
from Washington
January 7, 1978

Jimmy in Wonderland

Our program for fighting inflation has been in effect three years and hasn't worked, and won't work, say two eminent economists. Inflation is Public Enemy Number One and steals your wealth while you sleep and Mr. Carter will be sending his economic message to Congress this month telling what he will do about it. There's no reason to suppose he will differ from past strategy of trying to stimulate productivity, cutting taxes, and increasing purchasing power. That won't work, say the economists.

The other way to fight inflation, hailed by conservative Republicans and Federal Reserve Board chairman Arthur Burns, is not to expand but contract; throttle down government spending, raise the cost of borrowing money, and ask supply and demand to lower wages and prices. That won't work either, say the economists.

The economists are Arthur Okun, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Lyndon Johnson, now at Brookings; and Lester Thurow of MIT. In separate discussions they arrive independently at certain conclusions: that this is a new kind of inflation neither pre-Keynesian nor Keynesian, but a wild strain for which a new kind of economic antibiotic is necessary.

Anybody can see the difference, they argue. We have had inflation and recession at the same time—stagflation. It is historically unprecedented, and theoretically impossible by some textbooks. Throw away the textbooks, Okun says; this is a new era. The end of every other war was marked by the end of inflation. Not this time. Idle men and plant capacity are supposed to bring down wages and prices. Not this time. There are more idle resources now than at any period since the great depression, says Thurow, writing in *The Economist*. But there's no reduction in the rate of inflation. There's been some recovery, yes (more in the US than in o industrial countries) but it "has b slower and less complete than in other postwar recession." Okun, v made his comments in a speech bef the Economic Club in Chicago October, says that we have hac double-sized recession but only a sing sized recovery.

What does this mean in dollar term

—Each percent of unemployme represents $60 billion in lost outp annually; and we have had six to sev percent unemployment.

—Recession and slack in 1974-77 ha meant "$500 billion in lost production capital goods and consumer goods," say Okun. (I figure that's about $10,000 fo a family of four.)

This slow-down in human terms ha meant, as Thurow points out, that black teenagers have about 39.5 percent unemployment, and in some central city ghettos 85 percent. We are creating a new economic sub-culture.

Finally, six percent inflation (which shows no indication of yielding to present remedies) wil cut the value of the dollar in half in 12 years; by 1990, everything will cost twice as much. (Purchasing power was cut in half over the past 12 years, Okun told a group at breakfast here last week.)

So far as I know Messrs. Okun and Thurow did not collaborate nor see each other's studies, and simply express a new diagnosis of a new problem. In effect they are saying that this wage-price spiral is historically unprecedented. Their most radical concept is that this inflation won't cure itself or go away; that the government must intervene. Okun wants to give incentive tax benefits to workers and employers who voluntarily hold down wage and price demands. It would be like the bounty the government now gives to corporations in "investment tax credits" to encourage them to expand their plants. Thurow thinks the government should intervene by paying wage subsidies to employers who hire minority groups; he believes the present unequal structure of unemployment helps to promote stagflation.

Whatever the remedy the diagnosis takes account of a new situation. What causes this new spiral? First of all there is "indexing." Everybody is trying to protect himself against inflation by adding cost-of-living indexes to all his future commitments. Cost of living escalators are built into government wages and contracts. Business is doing the same thing. These escalators funda-

(continued on page 40)

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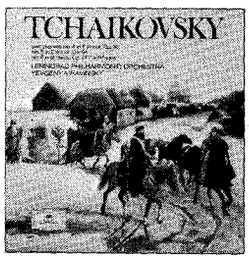

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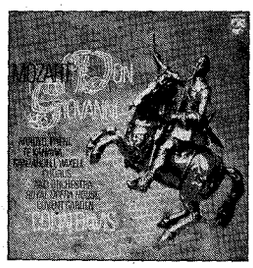

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 178, No. 1, Issue 3287, January 7, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 205 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: Enclaustrado *(1977) by Rufino Tamayo. Courtesy of Marlborough Gallery, New York.*

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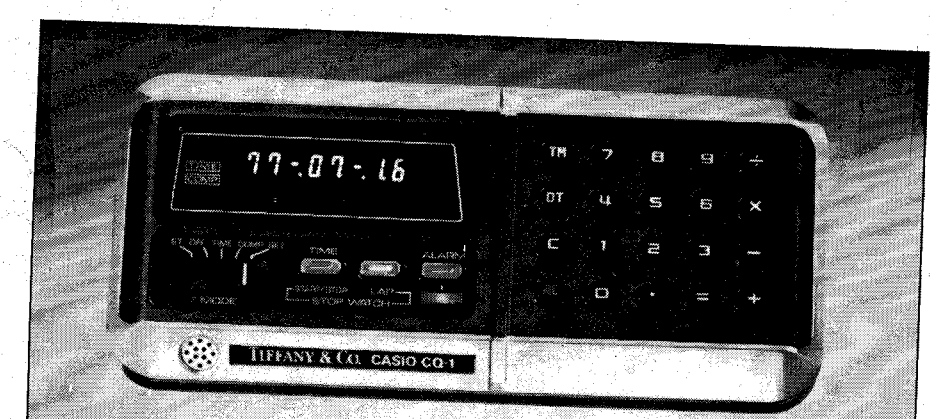

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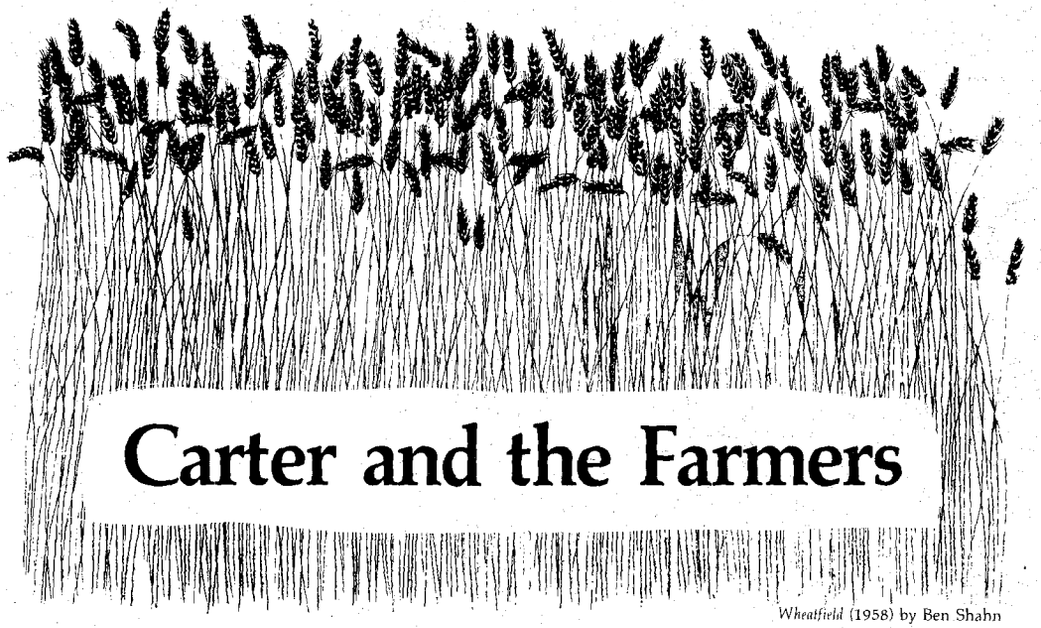
THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 7, 1978



Carter and the Farmers

Wheatfield (1958) by Ben Shahn

Let's call a Farmer's Holiday,
A Holiday let's hold;
We'll eat our wheat and ham and eggs
And let them eat their gold.

That was the cry of the national "holiday strike" of 1932, led by an Iowa farmer named Milo Reno. The movement began in Des Moines in August of that year, sputtered on for several months, died out, reappeared in force in 1933 and then vanished when Roosevelt's farm support program cleared Congress. Milo Reno and his fellow strikers tried to get farmers all over the nation to withhold their produce from market and refuse to buy supplies from shopkeepers. The strike generated a lot of noise and some violence, but it didn't achieve its goal, which was to drive food prices higher by creating an artificial shortage. It did accomplish something else, however. It helped push the federal government into a new and massive policy of income support for the American farmer.

In September, 1977 another national farmers' strike began spontaneously in Springfield, Colorado and spread rapidly to the west and southeast. Farmers on tractors demonstrated in state capitals around the country and one caravan made its way to Washington, DC. On Christmas Eve, President Carter received a delegation of protesters in his home at Plains, Georgia. He listened sympathetically to their complaints, but said, in effect, "talk to my Secretary of Agriculture."

The farmers' problems are of the same kind today as they were in the Depression, though not nearly as severe. The cost of supplies, of land and of borrowing money have increased faster in the last few years than farmers' income. The inevitable result: banks have foreclosed on loans and hundreds of marginal farms have been driven into bankruptcy. Families are selling out and preparing to look for work in shopping centers, in factories and in the big city.

The source of trouble, the agribusiness experts say, is the tremendous productivity of the American farm. Since early in this century, the efficiency of farming techniques has improved steadily so that the output of farms has always kept well ahead of the demand for food. The constant threat to the farmer's well-being has been the danger that he and his kin would produce too much grain, cotton, tobacco, cattle and hogs and thus drive prices down. To cope with this curse of plenty, the federal government since Franklin Roosevelt's day has helped the farmers by handing out various kinds of income support—welfare, if you will.

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The government also tried to restrain productivity by rewarding farmers for not planting crops. This propped up food prices. The system came to an end in 1972 and 1973 when then Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz decided that farmers really would prefer to have less government involvement in their business. He got rid of the government grain storage bins, greatly reduced farm support programs and instituted a new system that would rescue farmers only in times of extreme crisis. Farmers would sink or swim on their own. Of course, they expected to swim.

Butz shrewdly put his free enterprise plan into effect at a time when grain was in very short supply and prices were high. He predicted that the good times would continue. Farmers would no longer need the government, he said, because they would be able to sell all they could produce, and sell it at good prices. He expected the global demand for food to rise quickly, and America would reap the profit. Things didn't work out that way. Weather has been good all around the globe in the last few years. India and Bangladesh are no longer desperate for imported grain. Storage bins are full. Meanwhile, the cost of running a farm has gone up.

Herb Brown, one of the spokesmen for the strike centered in Colorado, explained last week why farmers are suddenly on the march again. "Well, there was just a bunch of us sitting around the coffee shop and we decided to do something. We'd been rousted around, cussed and every other thing, saying how we was the richest people on earth. I've got four neighbors who went broke this year. That land had been in their families for three generations." He said they had had "good times," but back then "we weren't paying but $65 to $70 a ton for fertilizer, and now it's close to $180. And our gas and diesel is just double and in some cases triple what it was."

The Springfield group calls itself the "American Agriculture Movement," has no officers, collects no dues and keeps no lobbyist in Washington. When asked what he wanted from the government, Bown replied: "We don't want no subsidies. We don't want no government help. What we want to do is, when they start getting those lawyers together and writing those farm bills, we want to get some farmers in there. We want to have a say-so in what goes into that bill." And what precisely, might that be? "We want 100 percent of parity."

One does not need to understand the arcane workings of the parity system to understand this demand. In simple terms, it means that the farmers want the government to raise the price of wheat and most other produce by about 60 percent, for "parity prices" are that much higher than the going rates today. Brown would not say specifically how the government should do this, but he suggested it might start by putting a ban on imported agricultural goods.

The demand is extravagant enough to insure that it will not be granted. The Carter administration has decided instead to restore some of the pre techniques of farm support. New subsidies are sent out, and they are being distributed only to fa who agree to cut back crop plantings by 20 percent more desperate farmers say this is not enough. are going broke now; Carter's program offers too too late. They want high prices immediately, w they can obtain only if the government agrees to ri market in their favor.

The current strike, like those that came before, fold without achieving the farmers' millenium, or e raising prices. Farmers are not organization men, their crusades have a futile quality. They usu disintegrate before many months go by, torn apart private greed and by the farmers' own inexperienc waging public campaigns. But the strikers h demonstrated that farmers cannot get along with the government's help. That is a useful piece information. However, President Carter has not seiz the opportunity to make good use of it.

Carter and the farmers have both come up with b solutions, we think. Cutting back wheat productic and raising prices by fiat are equally perverse sugge tions in a world where millions of people are hungr The same week the farmers were trying to get t Carter's ear, the United Nations Food and Agricultur Organization reported that a new famine may appear i the Sahel in Africa this year. Rainfall has been light i the sub-Sahara region, and food forecasters expect tha 400,000 tons of grain will have to be shipped in on an emergency basis. This is a relatively small amount of food in the global scheme of things. (The US exports about 25 million tons of wheat each year.) But it shows up the absurdity of the terms we use to describe the farm problem. If the 27 million people of the Sahel must worry about starvation, there are hundreds of millions more who live slightly less desperate lives, who would certainly use more grain if they could afford to buy it. In such a world, there is no real surplus.

The problem, as economists are fond of explaining, is one of distribution. The people who need the food have no way of buying it, while the farmers with overflowing grain bins have no intention of giving their crops away. One solution suggested by *The Economist* would be to create an international food stamp program like the one that bridged the gap between the urban poor and the farmers in the US for three decades. It would be financed by contributions from many governments, and would transfer "surplus" food from all over the world to people in the poorest areas. (It would also transfer food from one part of a country to another.) This is the latest of several schemes for reforming the world's food distribution system, not one likely to win quick acceptance. Whatever the remedy—and one must soon be found—it will have to be international in scope and it will have to provide food for the hungry as well as help for the farmers.

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orrespondence

ting go

e editors:

r Peckarsky's story, "Flaherty's mise," (*TNR*, Dec. 10, 1977) on the gnation of Peter Flaherty as deputy rney general is one of the silliest es I have seen in a long time.

he deputy attorney general is suped to be in charge of all criminaltice matters at the Justice Departnt. Before his appointment to the job the Carter administration, Mr. herty's last job in the criminal-justice ld was as an assistant district attorney r Allegheny County, Pa., from 1957 to 964.

That Mr. Flaherty would not be very ood at or very happy with his job ppears to have been obvious from the tart to everyone but Mr. Flaherty and Griffin Bell, the attorney general. It ecame obvious to them within a few months after the appointment.

In light of all this, it seems absurd to criticize the Carter administration for failing to require Mr. Flaherty to stay on at Justice for four years. Upon discovering that Mr. Flaherty was not the man to serve as deputy attorney general, the administration could, one supposes, have tried to dismiss him. But a dismissal is usually a nasty affair—and particularly so in a case where the administration was largely at fault for putting the man in the job in the first place.

Mr. Flaherty's return to Pennsylvania could well be viewed, in fact, as a small step towards removing politics from the Justice Department. I agree with Mr. Peckarsky's conclusion that the Carter pledge to depoliticize the Justice Department remains largely unfulfilled. But in this particular case, the administration's sin lay in hiring Mr. Flaherty in the first place—not in allowing him to resign or releasing him from his four-year commitment.

Jim Mann
The Baltimore Sun

UN in the act

To the editors:

The views recently expressed in your Washington Diarist ("Celebrations," *TNR*, Dec. 17, 1977) concerning the role of the United Nations and of Secretary-General Waldheim indeed display the "skewed" and "tendentious" characteristics of which you accuse the Secretary-General. You are, I suggest, doing a real disservice to your readers by backing these views with erroneous or distorted facts.

It is absurd, for instance, to claim that the Secretary-General is trying to get "the UN back into the act" in the Middle East. It is well known by all that the Organization is very much in the act with its crucial role of peace-keeper in the area, at the request and with the appreciation of all parties concerned, as well as in other ways. As for Dr. Waldheim's supposed "silence" about Lebanon, the record speaks for itself. Was it not he, after all, who made a number of public appeals to the warring factions and who, acting in the spirit of article 99 of the UN Charter, asked the Security Council in April 1976 to act in the Lebanese crisis? The fact that the Council did not follow up on his initiative can hardly be held against the Secretary-General.

William C. Powell
Director of Press
United Nations

In reply:

As it happens, the UN has absolutely no active role to play even under Resolutions 242 and 338 which its own Security Council passed. Moreover there are no provisions for UN involvement as a factor in the projected Geneva talks. Yes, Mr. Waldheim appealed to the warring factions to stop warring but always by accepting the legitimacy of alien forces in a once independent Lebanon. The truth is that the Secretary-General has made himself a voice for the PLO, which is why he is not a plausible voice for peace, either between Arabs and Israelis or in the Lebanon itself.

The editors

Your health

To the editors:

Eliot Marshall ("Carter's Health Plans," *TNR*, Dec. 10, 1977) gives the back of his hand to the "Enthoven Plan," though he grants it is intended to "minimize the need for federal cost controls but still keep costs down and standards high"—not unworthy purposes which, in my view, are quite persuasively promised by his program.

Although, so far as I know, the Enthoven Plan has not yet been spelled out in legislative bill form, it offers far more than "abstractions." It is certainly not a "theoretician's dream, owing more to economic philosophy than to experience." It is, in fact, based on the 15-year-old Federal Employee Health Benefit Plan (FEHBP) which covers the entire federal establishment including Congress and the Executive Branch. Enthoven has introduced important refinements. It is absurd to say that "it would not mix well with other plans on the market," because it would operate through the insurance plans, the Blues and HMO's now serving the market. But Enthoven would use only the best of these carriers and would harness them into a disciplined array of wholesomely competing, publicly certified, monitored medical care delivery systems.

Unfortunately, the woods are full of medical bureaucrats and consultants in health/medical affairs who can't conceive of our approaching NHI other than *via* the monolithic, federally administered, regulatory route. The Feds themselves are the beneficiaries of a far more enlightened, flexible and responsive program. The same thing—with Enthoven's refinements—could be made available to all segments of the population, permitting each of us to select the pattern of health care service he prefers.

James E. Bryan
Washington, DC

Historical print-outs

To the editors:

In his review of new history books (*TNR*, Dec. 3, 1977), David Hackett Fischer announces that a revolution has taken place in the writing of history. Alas, upon closer examination the revolution reveals itself to be little more than a revival of scientism.

Professor Fischer dismisses traditional history as mere story telling about "past power elites." Young historians, on the other hand, are problem solvers, democrats concerned with "the ordinary acts and thoughts of ordinary people." Professor Fischer cannot mean that previous historians did not deal with problems, or that they did not write

(continued on page 40)

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White House Watch

More About Strauss

The tie that first bound Jimmy Carter to Robert Strauss, the President's friend, handyman and Special Trade Representative, was a shared belief in 1972 that the nomination of Senator George McGovern for the presidency would be a disaster for the Democratic party. Carter then was the governor of Georgia. Charles Kirbo, an Atlanta lawyer who was then and still is Carter's friend and mentor, was chairman of the Georgia Democratic party. Carter and Kirbo organized the first serious stop-McGovern meeting of like-minded Democrats in Houston, Texas, just before the California primary that McGovern and his principal rival, Senator Hubert Humphrey, claimed to have won. At the party's national convention in Miami, Carter gave some Democratic pols, including an assistant who works for him at the White House, the impression that he would have been glad to run as either McGovern's or Humphrey's vice presidential nominee. After the convention, Bob Strauss and Congressman Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill of Massachusetts, now the Speaker of the House, flew back to Washington on the same plane. Strauss, a Texas attorney who since 1970 had been persuading himself and other people that life had something more than a successful law practice in store for him and in 1972 was the Democratic National Committee's treasurer, and O'Neill agreed in conversation during the flight that McGovern was a sure loser and that the party would be in a shambles after the election. Strauss recommended two measures to repair the party: his installation as the National Committee chairman and, in due course, the recruitment of Jimmy Carter to campaign around the country for local, state and congressional Democratic candidates in 1974. According to Gary Hymel, O'Neill's press spokesman, this was the first time O'Neill had ever heard Jimmy Carter mentioned in a serious way. Also according to Hymel, O'Neill agreed with Strauss on both points.

At a meeting of Democratic governors in St. Louis after the 1972 election, Carter voted with a narrow majority to dump McGovern's national committee chairperson, Jean Westwood, and replace her with Strauss. Kirbo as Georgia state chairman lobbied for Strauss and voted for him at the decisive national committee meeting. Strauss said the other day that he appreciated Carter's and Kirbo's support but understood then and later that Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson of Washington state was chiefly responsible for making him the party chairman. Strauss also said that out of simple gratitude and friendship he had to do what he did in 1975-76, which was to prefer Jackson for the 1976 Democratic nomination for President and to make that preference known without violating obligation as chairman to be formally impartial.

Strauss had first met Carter in 1972, after Str became party treasurer and visited various Democ governors. In 1974 Strauss created something ne DNC history—the 1974 Democratic Campaign C mittee. He invited Jimmy Carter to head it and, in t role, travel around the country at the natic committee's expense, speaking and scratching Democratic candidates at every level. At Strau instance the DNC appropriated $250,000 for campaign committee's expenses. Carter brought young assistant at the Georgia state house, Hamilt Jordan, to Washington to be staff director of the n committee. It was perfectly clear to Strauss and t national committee's executive director, Mark Sieg that Carter and Jordan used their vantage points Carter's on the campaign road and Jordan's at t command center in Washington—to further Carter ambition, by 1974 an unannounced but known an laughed-at fact, to be the party's 1976 presidenti nominee. It seemed to at least one junior assistan working for Jordan that Strauss must be double crossing his alleged candidate and sponsor, Scoo Jackson, and secretly promoting Carter's candidacy by exposing him and his hopes to Democratic politicians everywhere. This I disbelieve after considerable inquiry. There is convincing evidence, including but not confined to Strauss's testimony, that his interest then was not in Carter as Carter but in rebuilding the national party. Strauss saw in the young Governor of Georgia nothing more than an attractive southern moderate who could help. Two versions of a story from this period circulate at the Carter White House. One version is that Bob Keefe, a Strauss man on the DNC staff, found on Hamilton Jordan's desk in Jordan's absence an early draft of the famous memorandum in which Jordan outlined the strategy that won Carter's nomination and election. Keefe and Strauss are said to have laughed together at the very notion of Jimmy Carter for President and to have kidded Jordan about it. The other version is that Keefe in Jordan's absence sneaked his way through a notebook on Jordan's desk at the DNC and reported the essence of what he'd read to Strauss. In this version Keefe and Strauss laughed at the notions all right, but never mentioned Keefe's spying to Jordan. Jordan is said to have learned about it from other people and to have kidded about it with Strauss only after Strauss was admitted to the inner Carter circle after the 1976 election.

A point that is clearer to me now than it was when a previous piece about Bob Strauss and his relationship with Carter was written will be made now, before we get to the stories—plural—of how Strauss came into the Carter administration. The point is that Jimmy Carter for a time in 1975 and 1976 was close to hating Bob Strauss's guts. Many of Carter's campaign associates suspected that Strauss was using his

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rmanship to promote the rival candidacies of Henry .son, Hubert Humphrey and Lloyd Bentsen, in that er of preference, and Carter seems to have been :cted for awhile by the suspicions. It is generally nowledged, by Strauss and by Carterites, that there ; "some strain there" for awhile. As has been itten here, Carter got over it and Strauss responded Carter's show of friendship and forgiveness (if 'giveness there had to be) after Carter's nomination came a certainty and they perceived a need for each ner in the months just before and after the 1976 emocratic convention.

One of the difficulties with writing about Bob :rauss is that the printed word does not convey the hole flavor of the man. Since his fellow Texan, ometime sponsor and enduring friend, John Connally, ft the Democratic party for the Republican party and ı the judgment of Strauss among others probably did imself out of any serious chance for the presidency, Strauss has been the only character with a trace of the Connally flair in Washington. He cusses, he swigs within reason, he speaks with remarkable frankness to reporters whom he trusts, and he mostly talks on the record, a quality that journalists are bound to admire.

The sample of Strauss in quotation to be offered here—his account of how he came to join the Carter administration—requires a little backgrounding. It's as if he and Carter were destined to join forces. Charles Kirbo's Atlanta law firm and Strauss's Dallas law firm shared business years before Strauss came to Washington, though he and Kirbo got acquainted only after Strauss became DNC treasurer in 1970. One of Strauss's Texas law partners, Irving Goldberg, served on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals with Carter's and Kirbo's friend, Attorney General Griffin Bell. Kirbo's, Carter's and Strauss's common dislike of McGovern in 1972 and Carter's and Kirbo's support of Strauss for DNC chairman has been mentioned. Strauss let Carter put his chief assistant in Georgia, Hamilton Jordan, in charge of the DNC's 1974 campaign committee staff. Carter and his suspicions apart, Strauss and Jordan and Kirbo were firm friends well before the 1976 convention and election.

Now hear Strauss (or read him, rather—too bad you can't hear his modulated Texas drawl) on the report, widely believed in Washington, that he really wanted to be Secretary of the Treasury and settled for Special Trade Representative, meaning chief foreign trade negotiator, when he couldn't get anything better:

"That's an incorrect statement. Let me tell you exactly what took place. Charlie Kirbo and Hamilton Jordan said to me, about a month after the election, 'Bob, you've been saying that you have a desperate desire to return to private life. Now, if you want a spot in this Cabinet you had better say so because we are getting ready to make some final decisions. You pushed Califano [for HEW], you pushed Pat Harris [for HUD], you pushed Cecil Andrus [for Interior], and you recommended a few ambassadorships. Are you going to push yourself?' And I said, 'I have made an irrevocable decision that on January 20th [Carter's inaugural day] I'm going back into the practice of law.' And I said to them, 'The only job that I would consider, that would have any appeal to me, would be Secretary of the Treasury. And I don't think I would be a good choice. I don't think I've had enough experience. I think it would be perceived as a political appointment, which would be bad for the President and bad for me.' And Kirbo said, 'You are right, he would not appoint you to that job. It would be a bad appointment.' As a matter of fact, Kirbo said to me when I agreed that it would be a bad appointment, 'You know, Strauss, you're not *all* dumb.' That's exactly the phrase he used, *'You're not all dumb.'* And then Kirbo said, 'What about that trade job that you talked to the President about earlier?'"

Strauss continued: "Now let me tell you the story about that. Two days before Carter's second television debate with Ford, I was in Plains. I said to the President [sic], 'Mr. President [sic—Carter wasn't President then], you are going to be asked what you would do in international affairs that is different from Ford and Kissinger, and that's going to be tough to answer. You could say, 'I'm going to upgrade the responsibilities of the Special Trade Representative.' I went through what Congress intended in the 1974 trade bill and I said, 'That job is the most fascinating job in government and the only one I would consider having.' And I left there thinking, that sounds like I was asking for the job. Now Kirbo said to me, 'You're sure you don't want that trade thing you talked about?' And I said, 'No, absolutely positive.' I was trying to make a point of how important it was and how the President could use it in the debates.' As a matter of fact, he didn't get a chance to use it in the debates and he said to me afterwards he was sorry he didn't get a chance to use it.

"There were a number of candidates and I thought one of those people would be better than me, and I didn't want the job. They came back to me in mid-March and I turned the President down. Well, no, I didn't turn him down. I asked for a couple of weeks to think it over and he said, 'Friday'—two days. I talked to Russell Long [the Louisiana Senator] about it and he said, *I better take it or else* [Strauss's emphasis] and Hamilton Jordan said, 'Just take it for a little while, we need you,' and I took it on that basis."

Carter asked Strauss to take the job on a Wednesday in February and Strauss told an associate that day, "Of course I'll take it." He accepted it on the Friday that Carter specified. Charles Kirbo said on December 23, in his gentle and deprecating way, that he didn't recall Strauss discussing the Treasury nomination with him but that didn't mean it didn't happen, "there was so damn much going on then." Kirbo also said, obviously intending no contradiction, that Strauss said after the 1976 election that he wanted to resume his law practice

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and that he, Kirbo, thought all along that Strauss "wanted to have something" in the Carter administration.

Strauss, who retained his partnership in his law firm when he was DNC treasurer and chairman, returned to active duty in its Dallas and Washington offices on January 21. His six senior partners bought out his interest after Carter nominated him for the trade job. When a reporter asked Strauss during his DNC chairmanship whether he thought his position had improved the firm's standing and business in Washington, he got himself into trouble by answering, "I hope to hell it has." The firm's Washington office has grown from two resident lawyers in 1970 to 42 at the end of 1977 and expects to add about eight more in the next few months. Wayne Bishop, one of two senior partners in charge of the Washington office, said that Strauss during the 60 days he was back with the firm spent more time at the White House than he did at the Washington office. "During that time frame," Bishop said, "I frankly was hoping that he would get a federal appointment because it became very obvious after about 30 days that he was chomping at the bit to get back with the kings and queens of this world. He's just that type of personality."

John Osborne

Where the hard line divides.

Begin's Trouble at Home

Jerusalem

As Menahem Begin shuttled between London, Washington, Jerusalem and Ismailia during the past two weeks, details of the proposals he brought, first to President Carter, and then to Sadat, began to leak out in the Israeli press. While most prominent political figures in Israel thought it prudent to withhold full judgment on the Begin plan until the Knesset had met, after the Prime Minister returned from Egypt, initial reaction across the political spectrum was one of surprise, if not shock.

Certainly Begin had to come up with something on the Palestinian question—and the nuances of his "self-rule" formula are still not clear—but, more than anything else, it was Begin's language which occasioned pleasant surprise in some quarters, consternation in others, and downright dismay and hostility among some of the stalwarts in his own Likud bloc. On CBS's "Face the Nation" Begin spoke of the "Palestinian Arabs" as a "nation," both terms representing significant semantic changes by one extremely careful with words. Praise for Begin's efforts came lar from Israel's doves.

Begin found himself with strange political bec lows at home as he negotiated abroad. Arye Elia leader of the Knesset's most dovish Zionist party, Sl had only positive and optimistic things to say about Prime Minister from the opposite side of the hou *Davar*, the daily organ of the labor federation, His drut, ran the ironic boldface headline, "ALLON PLA SARID PLAN = BEGIN PLAN," thereby linking Be not only with the partial withdrawal formula su gested by former Labour Foreign Minister Yigal Allo but also with the plan for total withdrawal over gradual period advanced by Labour's leading dove, t party maverick, Yossi Sarid.

On the right, Begin's political home, there was f the most part silence, save for occasional expressions confidence in Begin as an individual by long-tim comrades. The silence, however, was not complet Even before the Prime Minister returned from Wash ington, noisy rumblings of opposition began to b heard. For some the issue was one of style. Why wer American senators informed of the government's proposals before they themselves were? a number o Likud parliament members wanted to know. Others expressed concern over security issues related to the Sinai aspect of the plan. Would Begin insist on the "territorial continuity"—Israeli presence—between Eilat and Sharm el Sheikh? Would the army withdraw from the Rafiah region in northern Sinai, long held to be a buffer separating Gaza from the rest of the peninsula? Questions like these were heard in the halls of the Knesset, aired by members of the governing coalition and the Labour opposition. But while no answers were immediately available, most of those concerned about security in Sinai seemed content to wait for Begin's return from Ismailia. After all, the trio of Begin, Defense Minister Ezer Weizmann, and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan could hardly comprise a more security-conscious group.

The real opposition, which has already allowed itself to be heard loud and clear, came from an element with less specific concerns than those noted above. Whether Begin's proposals for Palestinian autonomy will, in the end, be acceptable to Sadat remains to be seen. What is already apparent is that they are totally unacceptable to a coalition consisting of a small number of Likud parliament members and leaders of two extra-political sects: the Greater Israel Movement and the Gush Emunim (Bloc of the Faithful), which led the settlement drives in the West Bank and continually clashed with the Labour government.

Already groups of settlers have demonstrated against the proposals outside Begin's Jerusalem office, meetings have been held, petitions initiated. The issue is who will have sovereignty in Gaza, Judea, and Samaria (the West Bank). Begin's plan does not call for the removal of Jewish settlements. Indeed, it is clear

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he intends to insist on the right of Jews to settle where in the historic land of Israel, including the is the "Faithful" and their supporters are now ling. Nor is there any serious indication that the eli army will withdraw from the Jordan River or m Gaza in the foreseeable future. Begin has spoken ut possible pullbacks after a five-year interim. But it ears that his case for Israel's security needs in Gaza l the West Bank is viewed with sympathy not only in shington, but also, according to reliable sources esent in Ismailia, by Sadat. For the political groups w preparing to mount a campaign against Begin and s "self-rule" plan, settlement was never an end in elf, merely a tool with which the government might pressured to incorporate the administered areas into e state.

This group's opposition to Begin's proposals is ntirely ideological in character and is not to be conused with the concerns expressed by Labour party hairman Shimon Peres, that "autonomy" over an exended period would pave the way for a PLO-dominated state. Security is not the central issue for Likud nember and Greater Israel leader Moshe Shamir, or the former Stern group radio broadcaster Geulah Cohen, or for Gush Emunim spokesman Hannan Porath. For this group, which for the moment seems to be headed by Shamir, a former leftist and a leading Israeli novelist of the 1950s, there is no distinction between the contemporary political entity, the state of Israel, and the ancient geographical concept of the land of Israel. They demand full sovereignty over the territories, which would mean incorporating them into the state of Israel. During the decade since the Six Day War, Begin, as leader of the opposition, sympathized and identified with these elements often, specifically with the settlers. But he never formally affiliated himself with them, always remaining cagily aloof on the final question of incorporation.

Now his perspective is clear. The territories should not become part of the state of Israel. Indeed, as he put it to the Knesset's foreign affairs and security committee, under "existing realities" they cannot be incorporated. For public consumption, to smooth the process and to calm some of his critics on the right, he suggests that the sovereignty issue be deferred for five years. His underlying message is that the entire question of sovereignty is irrelevant. If the Palestinians of Gaza and the West Bank exercise "self-rule," administer their own civilian affairs, run their own police force and levy their own taxes, then in a sense sovereignty will be theirs. If at the same time they opt for Jordanian citizenship (as Begin's proposal would permit), and if the autonomous entity is linked politically and economically with Jordan, then in another crucial sense, sovereignty in the West Bank and Gaza might be said to be Jordanian. But again, if an Israeli military presence is maintained in the areas and Jewish settlers are citizens of Israel (also part of Begin's plan) a kind of de facto Israeli sovereignty will coexist with Jordanian authority. The message of the Begin plan is that sovereignty in the West Bank and in Gaza is a concept without meaning. Further, Begin's plan, because it guarantees complete military security and an affirmation of the right of Jews to live as citizens of the Jewish state anywhere in their historic homeland, is an adequate resolution of the West Bank/Gaza issue from the Zionist perspective.

Moshe Shamir has predicted the Begin plan, if put into effect, will deal a "death blow to Zionism and the Jewish people." Together with Gush Emunim leaders, he promises continued settlement moves even as the Jerusalem and Cairo committees convene. But those who remember the massive Gush Emunim demonstrations against Kissinger and disengagement in Sinai need not fear. The power of this group in Israeli politics is virtually non-existent. It always has been, save in those historical moments, such as in September 1975, when the established right saw fit to use its members as political puppets. In a war with Begin and Weizmann, once the strongest voices of the right, the opposition group will lose, hands down. On the home front, Begin has nothing to worry about.

Eric M. Breindel

Eric M. Breindel is a student at the London School of Economics.

The South African martyr tells how it will happen.

Biko on Death

What follows are excerpts from a conversation tape-recorded several months ago between an American businessman and Steve Biko. Biko, the South African black liberation leader, died while under arrest by the South African government last September. A government inquest recently exonerated the police of any wrongdoing. Biko begins by discussing the black youths killed during the Soweto riots, and goes on to talk about his own earlier arrest. At the time of this conversation Biko was free, but (as will become clear) choosing his words carefully.

Interviewer: [Tanzanian President] Nyerere was on US television a couple of months ago and made the statement that, "The only power the oppressor has is to be able to say 'I will kill you,' and as soon as the oppressed says 'go ahead and kill me,' he loses his power."

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Steve Biko: Right. That's absolutely correct. And of course, you see, the dramatic thing about the bravery of these youths is that they have now discovered, or accepted, what everybody knows, that the bond between life and death is absolute. You are either alive and proud or you are dead, and when you are dead, you can't care anyway. And your method of death can itself be a politicizing thing. So you die in the riots. For a hell of a lot of them, in fact, there's really nothing to lose—almost literally, given the kind of situations that they come from. So if you can overcome the personal fear for death, which is a highly irrational thing, you know, then you're on the way.

And in interrogation the same sort of thing applies. I was talking to this policeman, and I told him, "If you want us to make any progress, the best thing is for us to talk. Don't try any form of rough stuff, because it just won't work." And this is absolutely true also. For I just couldn't see what they could do to me which would make me all of a sudden soften to them. If they talk to me, well I'm bound to be affected by them as human beings. But the moment they adopt rough stuff, they are imprinting in my mind that they are police. And I only understand one form of dealing with police, and that's to be as unhelpful as possible. So I button up. And I told them this: "It's up to you." We had a boxing match the first day I was arrested. Some guy tried to clout me with a club. I went into him like a bull. I think he was under instructions to take it so far and no further, and using open hands so that he doesn't leave any marks on the face. And of course he said exactly what you were saying just now: "I will kill you." He meant to intimidate. And my answer was: "How long is it going to take you?" Now of course they were observing my reaction. And they could see that I was completely unbothered. If they beat me up, it's to my advantage. I can use it. They just killed somebody in jail—a friend of mine—about ten days before I was arrested. Now it would have been bloody useful evidence for them to assault me. At least it would indicate what kind of possibilities were there, leading to this guy's death. So, I wanted them to go ahead and do what they could do, so that I could use it. I wasn't really afraid that their violence might lead me to make revelations I didn't want to make, because I had nothing to reveal on this particular issue. I was operating from a very good position, and they were in a very weak position. My attitude is, I'm not going to allow them to carry out their program faithfully. If they want to beat me five times, they can only do so on condition that I allow them to beat me five times. If I react sharply, equally and oppositely, to the first clap, they are not going to be able to systematically count the next four claps, you see. It's a fight. So if they had meant to give me so much of a beating, and not more, my idea is to make them go beyond what they wanted to give me and to give back as much as I can give so that it becomes an uncontrol thing. You see the one problem this guy had with he couldn't really fight with me because it mean must hit back, like a man. But he was given inst tions, you see, on how to hit, and now tl instructions were no longer applying, because it w fight. So he had to withdraw and get more instructic So I said to them, "Listen, if you guys want to do your way, you have got to handcuff me and bind feet together, so that I can't respond. If you allow m respond, I'm certainly going to respond. And I'm afr you may have to kill me in the process even if it's r your intention."

Interviewer: How did they deal with that?

Biko: Well, the next day, everybody was telling me th they are not going to hit me at all. They don't use th form of interrogation, and so on. I was interrogat with my cigarettes next to me, smoking, sitting dow talking, being given coffee and tea. That's because the had assessed my response. I told them, "I regard bein forced to stand a form of torture. I'm not going to stan and answer your questions. I don't do that normally. It' got to be as normal as possible if you want to continue.

When I went into jail, as I said, my friend had jus died. He was the 24th person to die in jail since 1973 When I came out, they were talking about number 27. And this is happening increasingly now, because of the frustration the police are having. They want quick information. Now, there is an extent to which a person can absorb beating without revealing information. But sometimes it so happens that, in fact, the person being assaulted doesn't [have the information]. And they simply go on and on and on hoping to get to the point where this guy will just have to give in. They go on and on with a towel around your neck saying "Speak"—and you say nothing—"Speak"—you say nothing—and the bloody brutes are not trained well enough to realize when enough is enough. So by the time they release the towel you have probably been dead for a couple of minutes. They have not realized it, they are in such a frenzy. Now I've never experienced it myself, as I say. The guy who assaulted me really and truly could have done it in the street. It was a fight, let's put it that way.

Interviewer: One last thing. What do you see that those in the United States who support the struggle of the people in South Africa can do?

Biko: It's a difficult question. The most useful contribution would be mounting pressure on the United States government to take the most radical policy toward South Africa. I'm an advocate, absolutely, of isolation of the country in virtually all spheres. Now the United States is seen as a sufficiently important country for South Africa to want to please most of the time and I think America can afford to make preconditions to any exchange they have with the country. [Regarding] investments, for instance, I would speak in terms of

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l disengagement, but I know this is not a realistic e. The tendency is to speak in terms of minimum ditions under which investment should continue. I uld also talk of cultural boycotts, certainly the level sport, music, and so on. The whole question of inishing the level of bilateral trades, except on tain conditions would also be important. These are obviously compromise things I'm talking about. [It] aid that America must not be involved at all, to the nt of not even having a diplomatic form of presentation here. You see what I mean when I say ssia [has] clean hands: they just don't have a damn ing here. They've got no representative. They've got thing that they owe the country. No form of bilateral ade. But America has a long history [of relations] so ey have got to cut back on what they have done. And course the other thing is the use of the American ote in the Security Council, especially the veto. One ants to see them using that veto very sparingly, and ertainly not to let it spoil whatever pressure programs re being built up by other people through the United Nations.

I think individuals could assist in making the issue a ittle bit more topical, because the more topical it is in the States, the more it can be used for pressure purposes. Many Americans just don't know where South Africa is, who Vorster is. They couldn't be bothered right now. But then we are having, or we will have here, a Vietnam situation at some stage. There is no doubt about that if America continues the present policy. This situation here, I think, should begin to be seen in the same sort of light. I cannot speak on behalf of liberation movements because we have chosen to operate on a different plane, not because I condemn what they are doing. We don't pass any judgment on what they are doing. We are operating within a country which has restrictive laws that stop you even from commenting positively on what happens at the borders. So I don't want to say to you assist [one liberation group] and not [another] or that I approve of [one] and not [the other]. But I do think they have their own spokesmen and its an area that should be looked at. That's all I can say, you know.

Now, it is difficult, of course, because, this can only be done really through government channels. So what it implies for the individual is building up within the United States a consciousness that lives of whole population groups are being brutalized by the system out here and that there is complete exclusion of blacks from the political process, and what it means.

An effective anti-proliferation policy requires a tough energy policy.

Europe's Nuclear Disappointment

by Daniel Yergin

Between 1955 and 1972—just 17 years—the share of Western Europe's energy needs met by oil climbed from a fifth to almost two-thirds. Then came the 1973 embargo and the massive price escalations. Europeans learned the dangers of such dependence.

Europe's drive to reduce oil dependence has meant, more than anything else, a powerful commitment to expanding nuclear power. Virtually everyone was agreed in 1974. Governments, the European Community and the International Energy Agency posted ambitious goals for nuclear capacity by 1985. There seemed to be no alternative.

Four years after the oil crisis, the nuclear programs throughout Europe are in disarray. Europe is in the grip of "nuclear disappointment." Projections for installed nuclear capacity by 1985 are barely more than half what the 1985 projections were just three years ago. There is a virtual moratorium on plant construction in much of Western Europe. The sense of despair about nuclear power is greatest among those European leaders, politicians and officials most committed to reducing the oil dependence.

The nuclear disappointment has created a serious bind for the governments of Western Europe. They are committed to going ahead with nuclear power. They see no real choice. Yet there is a growing fear that perhaps even that option will be foreclosed. The consequences, they fear, will extend beyond increased dependence on key and unstable Arab producers to a

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major slowdown in economic growth, to stagnation, to an era of no growth, with potentially cataclysmic internal social and political consequences.

Superficially, the nuclear slowdown in Western Europe resembles that of the United States. The US also set out ambitious goals in Project Independence immediately after the 1973 embargo—to build 20 new nuclear power plants each year. Now in the US we see something like a de facto moratorium on new nuclear power plants. General Electric is musing about whether to abandon the nuclear power business. But there are differences between our predicament and Europe's. We do have alternatives. We may have as much as 500 years worth of coal reserves. We still produce half the oil we need, and may have very large undiscovered reserves in the continental shelf. Our most readily available and cheapest new energy source—conservation—has barely been exploited at all. And we have the technological infrastructure, if we are willing to invest the money, to develop major energy supply innovations. Thus, we can more easily afford to step back from nuclear power—completely, or from the more controversial areas of plutonium reprocessing and the fast breeder.

It is especially incumbent on those who are worried about nuclear proliferation to understand the predicament that the Europeans find themselves in. We must realize that the United States cannot assert its leadership on matters such as proliferation unless it remains sensitive to the European problem, and matches its anti-proliferation policy with a credible domestic energy policy. Neither responsibility has yet been met.

Sheer economics was the first cause for Europe's nuclear disappointment. The recession led to a drop in demand for electricity, and many utilities were reluctant to commit themselves to purchase new plants. In some countries such as Italy there simply was no way to pay for the proposed nuclear programs.

Public opposition is the second reason for delay. It hasn't appeared all that suddenly. In Germany, a vigorous opposition was evident by 1974 and 1975, although it tended to be local, focused on the questions like siting plants and disposing of nuclear wastes. But the opposition has broadened considerably, and has achieved a de facto moratorium in Germany. In 1974 and 1975, the main German vendor of nuclear power plants received 10 orders for new plants in Germany. Work has begun on only two, and until the matter of waste can be dealt with in a politically satisfactory way, the moratorium will probably continue.

Indeed, the congresses of the two ruling coalition parties in Germany—the Social Democrats and the Free Democrats—came close to repudiating nuclear power in November. This would have left the Schmidt government pursuing a policy opposed by the very parties that make it up. But nuclear power did manage to squeak through. A resolution that would have committed the Free Democrats to a 10 year morat um was replaced by a compromise engineered by new Economics Minister, Otto Lambsdorff, wh considered the "crown prince" of the Free Democr But this resolution declared what would have b unthinkable only two years ago, that nuclear powe tolerable only as a last resort. It called for inte geological surveys of waste disposal areas and stres the need for stringent security measures. The Soc Democrats' resolution was even stronger—saying t priority must be given to coal, and that nuclear pow stations should be the exception, not the rule. But saved Chancellor Schmidt from a head-on collisi with his party.

The German case shows how stalemate can develo Typically, the government's pro-nuclear stand emerg from a concern about oil dependence and projectior about demand, supply and economic growth. Th parties' opposition is a response to public concern abou safety. France has the strongest official commitment t nuclear power, as well as a decision-making proces most insulated from public scrutiny. Along with Japan it also happens to be the major industrial country most dependent on Middle Eastern oil. Yet, even there, anti-nuclear forces have made their influence felt. In the last municipal election, the *ecologistes* captured a noticeable share of the vote, and their success has shifted the stand of the socialist party. Last July 31, a battle erupted between police and anti-nuclear demonstrators at Creys-Malville, near Lyons, site of a planned fast-breeder reactor. The battle lasted all day. At the end, one demonstrator was dead and a hundred had been injured. The slogan of Giscard's government remains *la politique nucleaire du fait accompli*. The strong parlimentary endorsement is still in effect. But for how long?

Many officials in Western Europe were unprepared for the rise of public opposition. "The governments never thought nuclear power could become such an issue," observed Irwin Bupp, co-author of *Light Water*, a forthcoming study of nuclear power in Europe and America. "They thought it was something technocrats did, like building roads." Officials still tend to argue that the opponents are only members of the extreme left, using opposition to nuclear power both as a symbol and as a very practical way to strike at the economic foundations of capitalism. There is no question that some part of the opposition is so motivated. But by emphasizing that fraction, they overlook the more reasonable concerns that motivate many other opponents, and in a sense so aid the radicals capturing control of the anti-nuclear movement.

While the governments have been trying to defend their programs against domestic opposition, they now find themselves hit by the new American anti-proliferation policy. America historically has been the leading promoter of nuclear technology, helping the Europeans to develop their own industry. But a change began in 1974 and 1975 after India exploded its nuclear

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ice. American policy came to emphasize the link ween nuclear power and nuclear proliferation. rald Ford announced the first stages of the new icy during the 1976 campaign, and Jimmy Carter sented it in a much more thorough way on April 7, 77.

he policy is not anti-nuclear by any means. Indeed, e administration wants to dilute environmental strictions on nuclear power at home. But it is finitely an anti-plutonium policy—to forestall pro- uction of vast amounts of plutonium, out of which uclear weapons could be fashioned. In practice, this as meant a stepping back from reprocessing (the xtraction of plutonium from nuclear waste) and from ne development of fast-breeder reactors (which upposedly would produce more nuclear fuel than they onsume). The policy is based on the reasonable oncern that we could soon be living in a world awash with plutonium, and it would be all too easy for nations or even terrorist groups to make atomic bombs.

The Carter program set off a bitter row with the Germans, over plans to export an entire nuclear industry to Brazil; and with the French, over plans to sell Pakistan a reprocessing plant. Europeans at first saw the US policy as an attempt to undercut European exports of nuclear technology. Perhaps the most important accomplishment of the London summit last May was to persuade the Europeans and the Japanese that the US is sincere, not motivated by commercial rivalry but rather by the dangerous prospect of living in a world crowded with nuclear weapons states. There is still an element of "Concorditis"—the belief that the US will find convenient "moral" and "principled" grounds to undercut all European technological leads.

Even though the Carter program is aimed primarily at plutonium, it has helped legitimize the whole anti-nuclear movement in Europe—a further source of anger for European governments. The British only recently concluded an unprecedented three-month official inquiry into plans to build a reprocessing facility, greatly affected by the Carter policy.

Now that they mostly have put aside the politics of commercial rivalry, the Europeans have responded to the anti-proliferation policy with a number of technical and economic arguments. They said that the plutonium economy is already here, and that it is too late to do anything but learn to live with it. "Every power station is processing irradiated fuel," said an official in the British Foreign Office. "That means a hell of a lot of plutonium. If you decide here and now that the plutonium economy is a bad thing, that will not make the plutonium go away. We still have to find a way of coping with it. One is never going to come up with a hundred percent watertight control system. One can only add layers of safety rules which, all together, will slow leaks."

This common argument is hardly convincing. We are still only on the edges of the plutonium economy. Plutonium would become much more easily available if there were a full-scale commitment to reprocessing and the fast-breeder. It does not make sense to say that, because a problem is bad, we ought to make it 10 times worse.

Other arguments have more force. Unquestionably it is a gamble to postpone a commitment to plutonium. There are probably abundant resources of uranium. But there is a real fear of trading one form of dependence—on oil—for another—imported uranium. "We don't want to be dependent on a new cartel, a uranium cartel, called the United States, Canada, and Australia," said a member of France's Atomic Energy Commission. Recent experience has provided some reason for such fears. Ironically, the anti-proliferation concerns of the United States, Canada, and Australia—affecting deliveries of uranium and the fulfillment of contracts—have made the Europeans more conscious of this new form of dependence.

"Part of the US non-proliferation argument is that the world doesn't need plutonium—that we can all carry on in a conventional way with uranium," the British diplomat said. "That's a powerful argument, if true. But is it true? Canada has had an embargo for a number of months on exports to Japan and Western Europe. The Australians have been arguing over whether to export or not for the last two years. South Africa—well, South Africa is South Africa. And should we depend on the Soviet Union? How can anyone realistically accept a policy based on the proposition that there is plenty of uranium?" Europeans are worried about the US too. After all, if a President could suddenly embargo soybeans to Japan, he could do the same with uranium for Western Europe. So could Congress.

Another argument goes back to the very source of the concern—the worries about dependence on oil, and what will happen if the price continues to go up or if supplies should again be interrupted. No one can doubt that the economic consequences could be grave, with low growth rates promoting political instability. "American liberals and environmentalists are going to create a world of strong nuclear powers—the Communists, the third world, totalitarian states," said a member of the policy planning staff in the French Foreign Ministry. "These will have nuclear power and will be economically strong, while the Western world will become energy poor and weak."

No doubt, he was exaggerating for the benefit of this American listener. But there are calculations that provide basis for real concern. One recent study in Germany, for instance, showed a nuclear moratorium affecting growth so seriously that the social security system could no longer be financed and structural problems in the economy could not be resolved.

One detects a special note of bitterness in the European reaction. After all, the anti-proliferation

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policy is really meant to slow down proliferation in the third world. But in order to work, this policy must engage the Japanese and the Europeans—and affect their domestic as well as their export programs. "Carter is calling for an international effort against proliferation," said the French policy planner. "But we are not a proliferation risk. We have nuclear weapons already. We have had them since 1960. And you cannot turn around and deny the peaceful nuclear technology to Germany and Japan that is allowed to members of the nuclear club—not when they face a very difficult energy situation."

Some of the strains in the Western alliance over nuclear matters have been relieved in recent months. A broad-based cooperative review of the entire nuclear fuel cycle has been launched to determine whether a safer cycle can be used. But the clash of purpose cannot be wished away. The Europeans are focusing primarily on their own energy vulnerability. The Americans are focusing on the equally grave problem of nuclear proliferation. The issue sometimes gets portrayed as a choice between creating millions of unemployed or giving terrorists access to nuclear weapons. Not a very happy choice.

Most of Europe's governments remain committed to major nuclear development. They continue to believe that the obstacles can be overcome, that they have no choice. Yet they have begun to recognize that there is a real possibility that those obstacles may not be surmountable. They are unwilling to make such an admission. For they then would have to admit they have run out of ideas. Instead, they probably will redouble their efforts to overcome the obstacles that could well mean a major clash with the Ur States on the proliferation question.

Where can they find hope? There is one other pla look, and that is the United States, the same US now takes a firm stand on proliferation. What has b missing up to now is a connection between US a proliferation and energy policies. The American a proliferation policy is wise, but the policy cannot st alone. It is incomplete. We will not be able to persu Europe to forego the plutonium economy if we do hold out some alternative. A credible proliferati policy requires a credible US energy policy t substantially restrains the swollen American dema This would reduce OPEC's market power and t likelihood of an energy crunch in the 1980s. We mig also begin to consider that American coal could pro an alternative to plutonium in Western Europe. But so, we would have to make firm, long-term commi ments to supply that coal.

Without significant progress in energy policy, ou anti-proliferation strategy is likely to fail. The Eur opeans are more vulnerable than we are. Withou conservation in the US, they are unlikely to gamble or our help in the future. We are asking them to take risk that we are unwilling to match. That is why the Europeans have so enthusiastically hailed the Carter energy proposals, and why they have mourned their slow progress. And that is why they so closely and nervously watch our national energy debate. Though they are not party to the debate, they know they will be party to its outcome.

Will the Communists make the trains run on time?

Italy Awaits Caesar

by Michael Ledeen

One of the few jokes currently making the rounds in Italy tells of a telephone call from the mother of Italian Communist Party Secretary Enrico Berlinguer to her son: "You know I never interfere in your political activities," she says, "but you really must seize power at once." "Mamma," Berlinguer replies, "why on earth should I do that?" "Because if you don't," comes the answer, "the Communists will."

It is a bitter joke, and its significance varies according to the teller, but this little story embodies the current mood in Italy better than most of the learned analyses. The country is on the verge of a dramatic political breakthrough, which will in all probability bring the Communist party (PCI) into the cabinet or into the parliamentary majority supporting the government in

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next year. This event, which the governing istian Democratic Party (DC) solemnly promised electorate and its allies would never take place nout a clear popular mandate, is being accelerated by vave of terrorism without equal in the West, a ghtening economic crisis, and a growing conviction t the current government is totally without the ans, the will, and inspiration to solve it. The PCI may e a major step forward in the next month or two. n many ways, the collapse of the DC is alarmingly niniscent of the disintegration of the old Liberal ate in 1922, when Benito Mussolini took power in me. In that year, Italy was beset by a grave economic isis, torn by civil strife, overrun by armed bands of treme Left and Right, and desperately searching for w principles of order and social justice. In their oment of truth, Italian political leaders took the ascists—who had brought the country to the edge of haos—into the governing coalition, hoping thereby to ame them and retain power themselves. But the trategy rested on a basic misconception: the Fascists vere not a traditional political force. A few years after hey were invited in, they installed the dictatorship.

Today the Christian Democrats, who have governed (if that is the word for it) since 1947, appear to have lost all semblance of control. The elections of 1976, which resulted in a surprising increase in DC strength, were clearly a sort of ultimatum to the governing party: pull yourselves together and give the country some real leadership, or perish. They have not done the former, and are now engaged in prolonging their agony, to the great dismay of the general public, which does not want to see the PCI in the government, but which is increasingly convinced that there is no alternative.

The symbol of the disintegration of the Christian Democratic Party is the terrorist assault against the Party and against the state. According to statistics issued by the Ministry of the Interior, there are now 672 terrorists in Italian prisons, with an additional 117 convicted or indicted at large. These are almost evenly divided between extremists of the Right and Left, and 141 of them have been accused or convicted of murder or attempted murder. Yet despite this impressive number of arrests, the government has not been able to control the streets, and there is hardly a week without some new assault. Journalists (almost all anti-communist) have been wounded or murdered. DC local and regional officials have been shot. Party offices have been bombed, judges have been shot or kidnapped. Industrialists have been subjected to similar treatment.

Against these forces of terror, the government has not been able to achieve anything resembling a victory; on the contrary, the popular perception is that the government is immobile. Italian universities, particularly those in Rome, Turin and Milan, are in constant turmoil, and yet no police are provided to restrain demonstrators or protect personnel. The Carabinieri, the elite branch of the armed forces, are 8,000 men under strength because of deplorably low wages. They are under constant pressure. They are said to receive 20-30 bomb threats every evening in the northern part of the country alone. Despite the urgency of the situation, many Carabinieri are used to provide escorts for public officials or transport prisoners, and they have not been given badly needed and frequently requested armored vehicles and riot control equipment. Carabinieri have recently been pulled into their barracks instead of being sent out on night patrol.

Just as the violence in the early twenties favored the entry of the Fascists into the government, so the terror of the late seventies serves the interests of the PCI, which can present itself as the only force capable of restoring order. There is, however, one major difference: there is no evidence to suggest that the Brigate

Il Duce: the historical compromise of 1922. *International News Photo.*

Rosse and the other groups of the lunatic Italian Left are linked to the Italian Communist party, and indeed the PCI has been outspoken in its demand that the terrorism be suppressed. Nonetheless, there is widespread conviction (although little in the way of hard evidence) that the terror in Italy, like that in Germany, may serve a broader Communist interest: that of destabilizing the West. There are close ties between the

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Conversations with Italians

Rome—"There will be another Italian economic miracle in the 1980s if the Communists do a good job in charge of labor, health and communications," declares Aldo, a furniture manufacturer from Bologna. In his late 40s, Aldo has moved from firm opposition to the acceptance of a Communist presence in a coalition government. He has come to believe that "only the Communists can do the job that is needed to be done: to stabilize the economy and to solve the problem of rule by unions.

"Our industry's best selling points are style and craftsmanship. We can always provide style, but we cannot provide craftsmanship if union regulations insist on absolute security to the workman without regard to performance. Our problems began when workers no longer had to live up to standards because they knew they could rely on raises and additional fringe benefits coming to them automatically."

A tough managerial type, Aldo changed his mind over the past three years gradually, as he began to see that "the Communists were adopting some non-Communist ideas, and the non-Communist majority began to adopt some of theirs." He says that over the past six months, as the inevitability of a Christian Democrat-Communist coalition sank in, the economic climate has improved somewhat. Inflation is down from 18 to 10 percent, and even some of the money that fled to Switzerland, Canada and the United States has begun to come back home.

"But the realignment must be very, very carefully done," Aldo adds with a sigh. "Maximum flexibility and understanding are needed on all sides." He keeps repeating, half to himself: "It won't be so bad."

Luigi, in his late 60s, is a self-made man, a prosperous hotel owner who began as a gondolier, a hereditary profession in Venice. One son is a doctor; another, a lawyer. He is proud of them, and he takes pride in his progressive views. Unlike his friends, whose ranks include high government officials and at least one bank vice president, Luigi is pleased that the stonemason who installed new marble panels in his hotel earns as much as $10 per hour. He suggests a look at the total picture: higher prices for hotel rooms, a more justly distributed overall prosperity, greater dignity for the working man.

Luigi says he is not upset that he has to pay more in taxes. "I make plenty of money," he says. He concedes that he hardly paid taxes in the 1950s and '60s, before the law was tightened up. There were drawbacks to the old system. He had a bookkeeper who embezzled some $5,000. But Luigi couldn't sue because the bookkeeper knew too much.

Luigi looks forward to having Communists in the government because that will bring law and order. He cites the case of a prominent fellow Venetian who added another floor to one of his hotels, without permission. Under the Christian Democrats, there would have been a small bribe, and the city government would have closed its eyes. But the new Communist mayor insisted on a lawsuit and the man received a three-month jail sentence and has to pay a heavy fine.

Luigi himself is in trouble. He has a pending court case. He thinks he should have been allowed to put up a new marble facade to his crumbling sliver of a hotel front, but the city argues that his plan is not in character with the historical standards of his neighborhood. Luigi has already done some illegal restoration in his hotel, but he thinks he can prove that the regulations are needlessly strict and permit rather than stop decay.

"They are tough now, these Communists," he says with the broad grin of an old rogue, "and it's good for u little discipline won't hurt. But Communists will soften up. So t refuse bribes now. So they insist on law. I give them five years at most discover that they cannot rule by letter of the law—or live from th salaries. And they will have to help th who elected them. With little favo with big favors. People need help, a the law must bend to make them happ

Frederico is a writer in his early 40s wh once studied for the priesthood. "What happening to us is quite normal, ar Italy may well become the first We European country that shows the wa out of the post-postwar morass," h argues. He lives on the top floor of modern apartment building; from hi spacious terrace is a movie director's view of the Eternal City. His children refer to St. Peter's Basilica as "our parish church."

Frederico contends that the two-party system that has provided for an orderly changing of the guards in other Western countries has not worked in Italy because the Socialists are weak, and their role was taken over by the Communists. In the past three decades the Christian Democrats got away with murder and virtually every other sin in Dante's inventory because they presented communism as the alternative—and the threat worked every time.

"But things have reached the point that nothing works in Italy," Frederico says with a flash of anger. "Nothing can be arranged without knowing somebody. The bureaucracy is unwieldy and hoeplessly inefficient. People are so fed up with the government that they refuse to recognize how much the Christian Democrats have tried to reform themselves over the past few years."

Frederico calls the 1974 referendum on divorce "the turning point"; it was

Brigate Rosse and the Baader-Meinhof gang, and there is reason to believe that the Brigate Rosse has received aid and training from the Czechs. Be that as it may, there is no question that the PCI is gathering momentum with each passing day. And the Party itself senses this: three weeks ago it issued a demand for the creation of a new government, based upon a coalition between the DC and the PCI.

Such demands have been made in the past, but the tone is now different, accompanied by the threat of a general strike in January. The response from the DC is altogether new as well. While Christian Democratic leaders have dismissed such calls out of hand in the past, the party is now saying in public, "Give us time," "Not just yet," "This is not the moment." And in private they are telling American Ambassador Richard Gardner that the situation is fluid, that they can no longer promise to exclude the Communists from a future

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that people began to realize the istian Democrats can be defeated, a basic tradition of a Catholic land be successfully challenged and that country is indeed ready for sweeping orms. In 1976, the Communists came e to winning the election: They eived 34 percent of the vote, as inst the Christian Democrats' 38 cent. Next time, Frederico predicts, figures may well be the other way ound.

He has no doubt that the Church has ade a decision to cooperate with the ommunists. "The Church always gives to the stronger party," he says with an l-knowing wink Romans use only for ne other favorite subject: women. "In arlier years, the Church tried to defeat ommunism. But the time of martyrs is ver. Cardinal Mindszenty now ranks vith St. Sebastian in what you Ameri-ans call relevance. The Holy Father receives East European leaders regularly. Janos Kadar paid his respects last summer. I am sure that accords have been worked out with each Communist state."

Frederico doesn't blame the Church. To the contrary, he believes that the Church has survived by accommodation, which he considers the great Italian talent reflecting the virtues of tolerance and compassion. He argues that the Church "would have martyred herself a long time ago" if she had been left in charge of any of those dogmatic northerners from across the Alps, or even "those French worshippers of lucidity."

Frederico's forecast is that Italian Communists will produce more than just another local variant of communism: they will threaten Moscow as persistently as the Chinese because of the attraction Italian Communists have for East European countries contemptuous of the Russians and admiring the West. "Italians joining up a cause are candidates for rebellion from within. The Kremlin will regret the day Italy goes even partially red."

By Italian standards, Lucia is an exception: a woman executive who worked her way up in an insurance company. In her early 50s, she is politically active—she has been in the Christian Democratic movement as well as in the Socialist party—and has a graceful way of taking center stage.

Lucia's theory is based on the observation that once the Communists join the government they acquire the disadvantage of not being able to blame the Christian Democrats. Perhaps the Communists will do well in the next election but, Lucia is convinced, they will lose ignominiously in the following election because popular dissatisfaction with the Christian Democrats will peter out and people will realize that the Communists have no magic solutions either.

"Those who stand to lose most are the Communists. They have had it easy in opposition. They had the freedom to criticize but no responsibility. Now they will have to show that they can cope with the problems they helped to exacerbate.

"There are many Communists who would prefer to stay in opposition. But joining the coalition is an offer they can't refuse."

Lucia wants to see the Communists in the government as soon as possible because the Christian Democratic courtship of the masses has gone too far. She cites a new rent control law: annual rent cannot exceed three and one-half percent of the property value. Many landlords prefer to leave their apartments empty rather than to have such a low rate of return on their investment; construction of apartments has virtually stopped. Another example has to do with strikes. Strikers have always won because the government wanted no problems with the unions and encouraged industry to give in to them by offering special payoffs. "So we have special electricity rate schedules that are ridiculously low, and few people need to pay full fare on our railways. The state has become Santa Claus because of the weakness of the Christian Democrats."

Lucia is convinced that once the Communists join the government, such idiotic policies will stop.

Toward the middle of the fettucine, cooked by her husband, Lucia offered another explanation: "We will have Communists in the government because it hasn't been tried. We have to see what it's like."

It was while eating a baroque cake of coconut mocha enveloped in whipped cream that Lucia changed her tune. "Why is America so indifferent to what is happening here?" she asked, "When did you become so passive?"

I said something about Henry Kissinger's statement on Italy and our post-Allende sensitivities. She assured me that there could be no Pinochet in Italy because Italy has had a Mussolini.

Still, something could be done, she insisted. As she poured grappa, she admitted that she was uneasy with the consensus that a Communist breakthrough is a foregone conclusion. "We are talking ourselves into it," she said, and everyone around the table murmured agreement. "Couldn't America make it clear that it won't give us any loans and discourage all investment and assistance if Italy went Communist? We understand firmness."

"But I thought that you wanted to see what it is like to have Communists in the government," I said, puzzled.

"Yes, I feel that way," Lucia replied. "But if America did something we might not have to try it."

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

coalition or a future majority, and that the United States must understand that the situation is a difficult one. The DC willingness to cooperate with the PCI has been amply demonstrated in the past six months, from regional reforms which turned over a vast share of power to the Communists, to a recent joint declaration on foreign policy in the Chamber of Deputies which broke a long-standing promise to the United States and other Western allies that while cooperation might be necessary on economic and social matters, the government would make foreign policy on its own initiative.

Most distressing of all are the abundant signs that the old guard of the DC is now maneuvering for position, trying to salvage as much personal power and prestige as possible in the new regime. A recent scandal, which further eroded the national consensus, is said to have been initiated by former Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani, in order to demonstrate to the PCI

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that he is indispensable to any future political change. This sort of internicine struggle, with leaders of the ancient regime trampling each other in a mad rush to arrive first at the guillotine is well known to students of *götterdämmerung*.

As might have been expected, the lesser parties are joining the chorus, chanting odes of praise to a government of "national emergency" and urging the DC to yield. The Socialists, whose study of history should have taught them more, are urging such a government on the country on the curious grounds that without a major change Italy will be ruled by a DC-PCI condominium, and the other parties will be excluded. There is a notable lack of any suggestion, from any major political figure, that it might be useful to have an opposition in the foreseeable future.

The communists are watching the arrival of their most cherished dream with mixed emotions. They will be entering the government—unless something dramatic happens—under very difficult conditions, and they find themselves divided as perhaps never before in their history. There is great discontent on their left, and the growing ranks of leftist extremists, armed or not, outside the boundaries of organized political parties are without parallel in postwar Italy. The extremists can no longer be channelled by the PCI, even though they work in its favor, and this presents another striking analogy with the pre-Fascist situation of 1921-22, when the Fascist squads acted on their own initiative, often provoking Mussolini to take steps he never would have dreamed of on his own. Thus Berlinguer, in the joke going around Rome, is urged to seize power before the growing ranks of uncontrollable revolutionaries do it for him.

But the PCI has other sources of travail: the year of collaboration with the DC has taken its toll Communist unity. This has come about in part f those Communists who have seen the PCI lose political virginity by going to bed with the corrupt lecher. To be sure, the PCI has been paid handsomel the DC, but the Communists have had to end considerable criticism from within their ranks supporting a government which is unable to face national crisis. Berlinguer cannot return opposition—this would be considered a defeat—but cannot long remain in his current pose, suspend between two promontories on a narrow tightrope.

This suggests that the Christian Democrats in reali hold a winning hand, if only they had the courage play it. But this requires a conviction which the curre DC leadership no longer possesses, and which the allies are not providing them. There are signs that new group is at long last emerging within the DC, bu time is short, and the old guard is still in control. Th old guard is only haggling over the price of Communis participation.

Ambassador Gardner is understandably concerned and in what must be a thankless task he has beer expressing America's preoccupations to Italian governmental officials. Many others in the State Department are also worried, although their anxieties do not appear to be shared by the Secretary of State. The President's own position has been expressed only in the most general terms, and only on Eurocommunism as a whole, not on the Italian crisis. Yet if events continue on their present course, Jimmy Carter will shortly be facing his first crisis in foreign affairs. It promises to be a dilly: the last time Italy gave us an innovation in political practice it took more than 20 years and a world war to undo the damage.

On the right, it's the biggest thing since right-to-life.

The Right-to-Work Fad

by Seth Kupferberg

"We believe we should have support from the whole spectrum," says Reed Larson, president of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, in a letter to American newspaper publishers. "That's why we're advertising in *The New Republic* as well as *National Review*."

"The whole spectrum" has yet to fall in step. George Meany and Hubert Humphrey have not yet declared

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belief in the unblemished virtue of the open shop. there's no doubt that the right-to-work movement, 22 years a bugbear of organized labor and a leading e of labor's political opponents, has started reaching to people once considered labor's natural support-

In a slick $100,000 ad campaign designed by a shington public relations firm, the Right to Work al Defense Foundation recently began going after ders of six relatively liberal magazines plus those of *Washington Star* and *The New York Times*. Each of the ndation ads tells how a specific, pictured worker s persecuted when he declined to join or tried to quit nion, and what the Foundation is doing to remedy is injustice. The Foundation says small newspapers metimes pick up the ads and run them as articles. At a ne of economic difficulties and mounting conserva- e strength throughout American politics—and at the d of three decades in which organized labor's share of ie nonfarm work force fell from 35 to 23 percent—it's nough to give the union movement the shivers.

Like other confrontations between a resurgent Right nd an orthodox liberalism lots of Americans evidently elieve has gotten too big for its britches, the battle ver right-to-work laws involves an apparently simple ssue. Right-to-workers believe in the "open shop," in vhich employers are free to hire anyone they please, nd no one has to join or pay dues to a union unless he r she wants to. Twenty states have enacted "right-to- vork" laws, requiring all employers to maintain an pen shop since 1974, when Congress passed the Taft- Hartley Act permitting such state laws. In the other 30 states, unions and management are free to negotiate arious kinds of "union security" agreements. The nost common such agreements are the "union shop," n which employers may hire whomever they wish but ll new employees must join the union within a certain ime after they start work; and the "agency shop," in vhich all workers must at least pay dues to a union even f they choose not to join it. (There is very little practical difference between the union shop and the agency shop, since no one can be fired for refusal to participate in union activities, as long as he pays his dues.) Federal labor law itself outlaws the "closed shop," in which an employer agrees to hire only those who are already union members, although the closed shop still exists illicitly in fields like construction where it has long been common.

Polls show that most Americans support the open shop, which isn't too surprising. It seems to fit in well with traditional beliefs in free choice and a free marketplace. It is easy to sympathize with someone who wants a job but doesn't want to join a union. Even if a union is a good thing for most workers, why should any one have to join it who doesn't want to? It is easy to believe that individual employers should work such things out with individual workers, even if the employer is a giant which other workers think they need to band together to confront. The argument in favor of union security arrangements are more complex. Fundamentally, it is the "free rider" problem: if workers can enjoy the benefits negotiated by the union without joining and paying dues, it will be hard to persuade them to join even though all would be better off if all were members. (Imagine depending on voluntary contributions to pay for the national defense. It is an analogous situation.) Furthermore, it is not clear which side of the right-to-work debate represents the values of "liberty" and "freedom of choice." After all, the federal law does not *require* employers to provide union security; it merely *permits* them to do so as part of their negotiation with a union. It is the state right-to-work laws that restrict the employer's "freedom of contract" by limiting what can be agreed to.

Because the "right-to-work" argument is so much simpler, the Legal Defense Foundation ads take public opposition to "forced unionism" more or less for granted, and concentrate on harrowing, often shocking stories about union violence and coercion. Some of these stories already have reached their climax in the courts, while others are still pending. The Foundation's 11 full-time lawyers have about 50 cases in the courts at any time. But all the stories focus on what Foundation leaflets call "the 'little guy'"—individual workers, often black or female, chosen to appeal to liberals and others who might be susceptible to the fear that big unions are riding roughshod over ordinary people's rights. Ironically, it's a style of propaganda unions helped perfect. "You'd almost think these ads came out of the Popular Front era in the thirties," Arch Puddington of the League for Industrial Democracy complains. "The pictures—the black woman, the independent, strong man who looks as if he just came out of a coal mine—they could have come out of a Ben Shahn poster for the CIO." Puddington put together a counter-ad in *Commentary* signed by Daniel P. Moynihan and 34 other intellectuals.

The stories the right-to-work ads tell evidently are true. At least, union sources quickly inform you that this is not the real issue. But their implications sometimes are considerably overstated. A kitchen worker who refused to join a union at a Virginia military base "is not a refugee from the Gulag Archipelago," one ad says ominously—she won't be dragged off to Lubyanka Prison as the result of a recent Court of Appeals decision holding that Virginia's right-to-work law doesn't apply to the base. Predictably, the most horrifying stories concern local unions in industries, for example the construction industry, where organized labor's most ardent friends admit that unions sometimes do bad things.

The ads sometimes disclaim broader anti-union inferences. Carter Clews, legal information director of the Legal Defense Foundation and the man responsible for the ad campaign, says the Foundation only fights against particular abuses. "What it really is is a public-

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interest law firm—that might not be the legal designation, but it offers free legal aid to victims of compulsory unionization." Nevertheless, the campaign plays on fears that unions in general have gotten too big, too powerful—that, as Foundation literature puts it, they enjoy "virtually unbridled control" of workers' lives while getting "kid-gloved treatment" from legislatures and courts. The most effective ads so far—about a Florida construction worker who was beaten after he refused to join a union, and two Oakland waitresses who say a union secretary tried to force them into prostitution—have little logical connection to the issue of a proper union shop. Take the construction ad, the first in the Foundation's ad campaign. It tells of how a "union mob" broke a recalcitrant worker's ribs, put steel shavings in his eyes and threatened to cut off his arms. This is a shocking story, of course, but one that's very unusual, and hardly relevant to the issue of whether right-to-work laws should be passed. After all, you can support the union shop and still oppose such union tactics—which of course are not legalized by federal legislation protecting labor's right to organize. They're still called assault and battery, and they're not made likelier by unions' being able to negotiate a union shop. On the contrary, they'd be expected to take place only where legal methods of compulsion aren't available to unions—only, that is, in states with right-to-work laws. An assault by unionists no more proves we need the open shop than an assault by an employer would prove we need the closed one. But even though these Foundation ads don't have much to do with whether union shops should be permitted, they do present a powerful, disturbing image of a labor movement run amok.

The history of the right-to-work movement shows that this broad image, and not just the relatively narrow issue of Taft-Hartley or the open shop, motivates it and gives it its strength. Take the National Right to Work Committee, an older sister of the Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation that also has Reed Larson as president and Carter Clews as publicity director. It organized opposition not just to the union shop but also to the United Farm Workers' boycott of non-union grapes, President Nixon's nomination of Peter J. Brennan as Secretary of Labor and most recently the Carter administration's badly needed labor-law reform bill. The Legal Defense Founda devotes a large part of its efforts to policing improper use of compulsory dues for political expe tures, and not just to combatting union efforts to m workers join up.

The right-to-work people are reaching out to libe and claim they have some liberal and pro-union s members, but the leaders come from conservat anti-union backgrounds. For instance, publicist Edwards worked for Barry Goldwater in 1964, a Carter Clews's last job was in the campaign of fir term Congressman Mickey Edwards, Republican Oklahoma, a vociferous opponent of the common-sit picketing bill and the new Panama Canal treati Clews says the open shop is "not a conservative liberal issue but a human-rights issue," a test sincerity for those alleging democratic principles. B really right-to-work is a way of setting up a dividir line in politics, between people whose sympathies lie o different sides in social struggles. On one side ar people who care most for the workers' right to forr strong associations; on the other those who care mor for individuals, including businessmen who want to d their own hiring, who want to stand alone. Of course there's nothing strange in this—symbolic issues offer way for many political battles to be fought out. Man important issues—the Equal Rights Amendment is ar obvious example—are more important as symbols o societal commitment, in one direction or another, thar for their practical effects. Just as Phyllis Schlafly use the Equal Rights Amendment as a symbol for a lot o changes people fear—even though the ERA isn' directly related to them—so right-to-workers use stories of crimes by unionists, and often the whole issue of the open shop, as a symbol for opposition to the entire union movement and to traditional liberalism generally.

The most detailed study of right-to-work laws, made for the Fund for the Republic almost 20 years ago, found they have little practical effect. Unions kept growing in Texas, where they had been strong before a right-to-work law passed, UCLA economist Frederic Meyers found, and few workers took advantage of their new privilege not to join a union. Even closed shops continued operating, illegally, where they had existed before the law was passed. (In this respect, Meyers wrote, the law's main impact was "to give employment to lawyers who can write contracts with an outward appearance of innocence.") Even though people on both sides of the question have continued to think that right-to-work laws are important, the proposition that they really aren't very important is not all that surprising. After all, to impose a union security contract a union must be strong in any case. It isn't often that a union has enough worker support to make an employer establish the union or agency shop, but not enough to enroll the vast majority of workers even if there is a right-to-work law in the way. Strong unions

Coming:

John Osborne

with the President in Paris.

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't really threatened by a right-to-work law. The ed Auto Workers says it has about 90 percent ıbership in UAW plants in right-to-work states. ıer, such laws are most important as a symbol of ety's attitude toward unions. Southern states and ers with right-to-work laws are generally hostile to inds of labor organizing activity. Just as the Wagner in the 1930s helped to make unions respectable—te apart from its legal effects—a right-to-work law ps proclaim a stand-offish, suspicious attitude vard labor unions, an attitude that is most influential ıreas where unions are already weak and struggling.

.he battle over right-to-work laws is a symbolic battle ught over a terrain of traditional American assump-ons and beliefs that puts the unions completely at the sadvantage. The simplest, most convincing argument r union shops is that a union of workers has as good a ght to set the conditions under which people can work s an employer does. Unions would sometimes abuse ıeir power, no doubt, but employers can abuse their ower too; to the extent that laws can limit the mployer's power to discriminate against some work-rs, they could do the same for union representatives. ut since this argument calls in question a basic ssumption of "free enterprise"—that owners, not vorkers, ought to run the shop—no important labor ader ever makes it. Instead unionists use the more omplicated arguments about union benefits and reeloaders, arguments that give most people an ıneasy feeling unless supported by their whole xperience of life. In England, where class differences re more widley recognized and more workers feel that hey have to stick together, supporters of the Labour arty often take the virtues of the closed shop—llegal here—more or less for granted.

The AFL-CIO's quick abandonment of this year's ıttempt to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, vhich authorized state right-to-work laws—an at-empt that nearly succeeded in 1965—is one indication hat unionists regard this particular symbolic battle as a ıopeless one. Another is their failure to mount much challenge to the right-to-workers in ads or other ropaganda. None of the AFL-CIO's $455,000 public-relations budget this year is for advertising. The unions may be running scared. The 1930s, when many intellectual and middle-class liberals shared working people's economic problems and sympathized with unions automatically, are 40 years ago. Clews says the Legal Defense Foundation ads, including those in liberal magazines, pull in about a hundred sympathetic letters each.

To be sure, it is not clear just how widespread the serious support for anti-union activities is either. The right-to-workers claim their ad series has generated 1.25 million sympathetic responses—not, as *The New York Times* reported recently, 1.25 million members—but unionists' suspicion that it's basically a creature of Big Business has some plausibility. Clews says that $8.5 million that the two right-to-work groups raised last year represented mostly small contributions—an average size of $35 for the Foundation and $16 for the Committee. But the Right to Work Foundation has ignored repeated court orders to disclose its list of contributors. The Foundation says this is to protect contributors from union harassment. Last June, Federal District Judge Charles R. Richey ruled that the Foundation's disregard of his orders meant that for purposes of settling disputes under the federal labor laws, he would have to assume that most of the Foundation's funds came from employers with a "concrete interest" in Foundation lawsuits, that it was basically an "interested employer association" or an "agent and conduit for employers" who hoped to weaken labor unions. On the other hand, the two right-to-work groups' mailing campaigns cost them almost two million dollars a year in postage alone—enough money to attract at least some non-business support. Clews's sketch of the "average contributor" not as a businessman but as a disinterested concerned citizen, over 50, often living on a fixed income, doesn't sound unlikely. Many such people certainly blame unions for the inflation that is eroding their purchasing power. And many Americans no doubt sincerely believe that people should be more independent—more like the strongly individualist workers pictured in Foundation ads. After all, that's how Americans were thought to be before the last few decades' sweeping changes, changes that labor unions helped to bring about.

So in the end, it's that feeling—and not simple self-interest by employers, even if that plays a part as well—that accounts for the right-to-work movement's broadening appeal and resurgent strength. Like other conservative movements that have taken on new life after the 1960s' turmoil and reforms, the right-to-workers make their appeal to a traditional vision of America, one that many people sense is being eaten away before their eyes. Compared with, say, feminism, the labor movement is particularly susceptible to middle-class liberals' defection, because these liberals' personal interests aren't at stake. If anything, they feel that their taxes and today's prices are too high and unions should leave well enough alone. With no concrete bond of self-interest, there is a failure of empathy.

First, labor lost its battle for a phrase. A hundred years ago, the "right to work" meant the right to have government-created jobs, a slogan Paris workers died for on the barricades of 1848. Now, with an assist from Madison Avenue techniques, continuing recession and a climate of conservative nostalgia, labor may be losing its battle for public opinion, too. Next year the right-to-workers hope to introduce right-to-work bills in six or seven more states. And, Lee Edwards says, they expect to continue to attract interest from "opinion leaders, people who read magazines like *The New Republic*."

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Playgoings

Saint Joan (Circle in the Square). Watching even this sorry production one sees again a truth about Shaw that is often scanted. Many of the plays of this man celebrated for comic sparkle and dialectical thrust are centered on passion. Underneath the diamonds lavished by the handful along the way, there is fire.

Think of them: Marchbanks in *Candida,* the poet who harrows through love to the heights of lonely exultation; John Tanner in *Man and Superman,* slashing at the world of acceptances; Father Keegan in *John Bull's Other Island,* still another man whom mad Ireland has hurt into poetry; Major Barbara, a votary searching for a temple in a materialist age; Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma,* the painter who doesn't mind consuming everything and everyone, including himself, in his hunger for art; and the figure at the height of the flame's leap, Joan herself. Among the many misconceptions about Shaw—and no genius of the drama has been heaped with more—is the attribution of coldness. This lie was best caricatured by Shaw himself, of course, in the epilogue to *Fanny's First Play.* Two critics are discussing him, and one says: "I've repeatedly proved that Shaw is physiologically incapable of the note of passion," and the other responds, "Yes, I know. Intellect without emotion . . . A giant brain, if you ask me; but no heart."

Even in this production, the first scene made me cry. After that, the action and direction grimly wrestled the script to the ground; and it's not even a fair fight because the text has been cut here and there. For instance, in the epilogue Stogumber, the crazed old English cleric, says that the burning of Joan 25 years earlier made him understand horror in a way that paintings of the Crucifixion never had done; and old Bishop Cauchon says, "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?" Some of us think that this is a key line in the play. Not this theater: they cut it.

Lynn Redgrave's performance of the title role is a betrayal from first moment to last. Joan bursts into the play on a great wave of health, a country girl who is as sure of her mission as she is of the ground under her feet. Redgrave comes in to flirt coyly and simperingly with the Squire whom she wants to send her to the Dauphin. From then on she yowls and moans, she keens and attitudinizes vocally, she makes a lot of what can only be called goofy faces that I found hard to relate even as mechanical face-making to what she was supposed to be thinking or feeling at the moment. And since in most of this play she appears in male dress, it's appropriate to note that she is knock-kneed and splay-footed, a fact that is less apparent in skirts and that hardly makes her an inspiring military leader as she galumphs about like a dromedary. Physical inadequacy aside, I have rarely seen a performance of a major role by an allegedly serious actress that was so blatantly without a center, so blatantly a mere aggregation of attempted effects.

I blame her husband, John Clark, who directed, for at least some of this hollowness and failure. Under Gerald Freedman's direction a year and a half ago Redgrave gave a sturdy enough performance of Vivie in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to make me hope for her Joan. Her failure, plus the other performances, points squarely at Clark. Philip Bosco, whose work has so often been appealing, plays Warwick in the top third of his good voice and employs every cliché of theatrical suavity. Robert LuPone plays the carefully drawn Dauphin like a homosexual twit. The only well realized acting comes from Nicholas Hormann as Brother Martin Ladvenu, the compassionate cleric at the trial.

As for the staging, one example will suffice. At the end of the trial scene Joan tears up the recantation she has signed under duress when she hears that, though she could escape burning by recanting, she would now be imprisoned for life. Ladvenu says: "You wicked girl: if your counsel were of God would He not deliver you?" Joan's last speech: ways are not your ways. He wills t go through the fire to His bosom; am His child, and you are not fit t should live among you. That is my word to you." After that magnifice free statement of faith and final umph, this Joan is *dragged out backwar two guards!*

It's very difficult to refrain fi cursing a director who would ask su thing, a Joan who would agree, an theater that would sponsor such production.

K (Lion). But theatergoing brings ple ant surprises too, not—not ever—on equal basis with disappointments a outrages, still often enough to nouri hope. The Lion Theater Company three years old; my first encounter wit them is this production called *K,* sub titled *Impressions of The Trial by Franz Kaf* devised by the company as a whole an directed by Garland Wright who als designed the setting and lighting wit John Arnone. The work, a series c dream responses to the novel, is exqui site to see and hear. The program carrie an epigraph from Kafka's diaries i which he says that he wants to attain view of life as a dream. This rubri makes a series of visions out of a nove that is visionary to begin with; and give this production its main defect and it

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. The best SF film I know, but Steven Spielberg and colleagues have done something more than an SF film. It focuses faith on the heavens more than Heaven and on technology as God more than on intergalactic travel.

Julia. Lavish version of Spartan heroism against Nazis, but Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, and Jane Fonda (in that order) are fine.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't. Two young women, French, their friendship, the social frontiers they cross. The most engaging film so far about New Women.

The Turning Point. Mikhail Baryshnikov, his dash and his dancing, make this film unmissable. Other ballet stars, too. Also some film stars and a plot, but who cares?

SK

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virtues.

e defect is that it's not dramatic, it's ɾial: always elegantly *seen* and light- ıd dressed, intelligently composed canonically interwoven, but with- much creation of character or race of anguish. A good ballet on *The* might have had some of the feeling this production without raising ich is true of ballet for me) deep ectations of character-thematic th.

till the dream does get dreamed, utifully. As far as I can remember, ıost every member of the company of eventually plays Joseph K. A stout man (identification impossible be- ıse actors are listed without roles) ɜt appears as Joseph K.'s landlady, ɐn in some male roles; dialogue gets noed and re-echoed; and the dissolu- ɔn of dream takes hold. The set, simple ɪt ingenious, a doorway and two indows that disappear into a black wall hen closed, gives a De Chirico spa- ousness to the playing area—in the ɔandoned West Side Airlines Terminal. he lighting and the costumes (by David mes) are all black and white so that hen Joseph K. acquires a red bouton- iere, it stings the eye.

I don't intend to patronize when I say ıat one doesn't expect work of this efinement and discipline Off Off roadway. I look forward to more of the ion Theater's productions.

hapter Two (Imperial). The best thing bout Neil Simon's new play is Herbert oss's direction. It made me think of my irst Simon play, *Barefoot in the Park* (1963) vhere the best thing was Mike Nichols's irection. Ross worked here as if with a eweler's loupe in his eye, engraving the tiny stuff finely, modeling careful gestures and glances and inflections with his four-actor cast to keep it all from collapsing.

It flaps around a lot anyway, but this is because of the choice of actors, if one can absolve Ross of responsibility in the casting, and the script. The hero—and can there be a remote Tanganyikan who has not read that this is Simon himself painfully readjusting after his first wife's death and eventually marrying Marsha Mason?— is played by Judd Hirsch, known as TV's Delvecchio, a moderately forceful but charmless actor. His brother is played by Cliff Gorman as if to answer the question: Whatever happened to the Dead End Kids? The two women, Anita Gillette and Ann Wedgeworth, are vocally inadequate for the huge Imperial, a theater that usually holds musicals. Wedgeworth does her usual Southern sex-pot number (remember her in the film *Scarecrow?)*, and Gillette follows Ross's instructions like an obedient child. In her long worm-turns speech near the end, you can almost see her remembering the director's orders to gesture here and pause there.

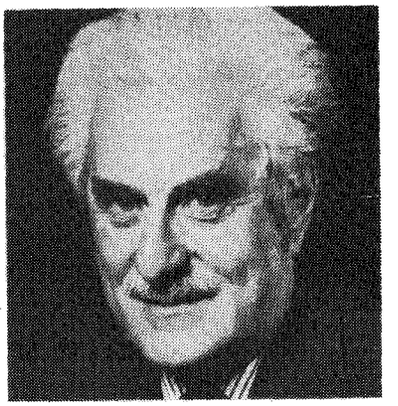
The script breezes along in the first half, even through the bereavement episodes. The second half, as usual with Simon, runs out of breeze, and he puffs in a lot of wind to inflate it to full length. There's an affair between Gorman and Wedgeworth which, again in usual Simon fashion, is puritanically unconsummated. As for the main story, I have the feeling that autobiography was abandoned for show biz reversals and counter-reversals, or else the play would have been over at the intermission—as it should have been.

John Canaday on art

Art and Politics: From Protest to Myth

Looking back on a lecture tour that took me to cities in Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Colombia, and Mexico last May and June, I am ready to issue the generalization that Latin American audiences go to art lectures hoping to learn something, in contrast with audiences this side of the Rio Grande, who demand first of all to be entertained, let the culture chips fall where they may. Whether it was a matter of a dozen Indian students in Arequipa or general audiences numbering up to 300, these Latin Americans were ferociously attentive while waiting, I soon discovered, to pounce during the question and answer periods.

Questions often took the form of



Eli Ginzberg shows why reform has yet to cure health-care.

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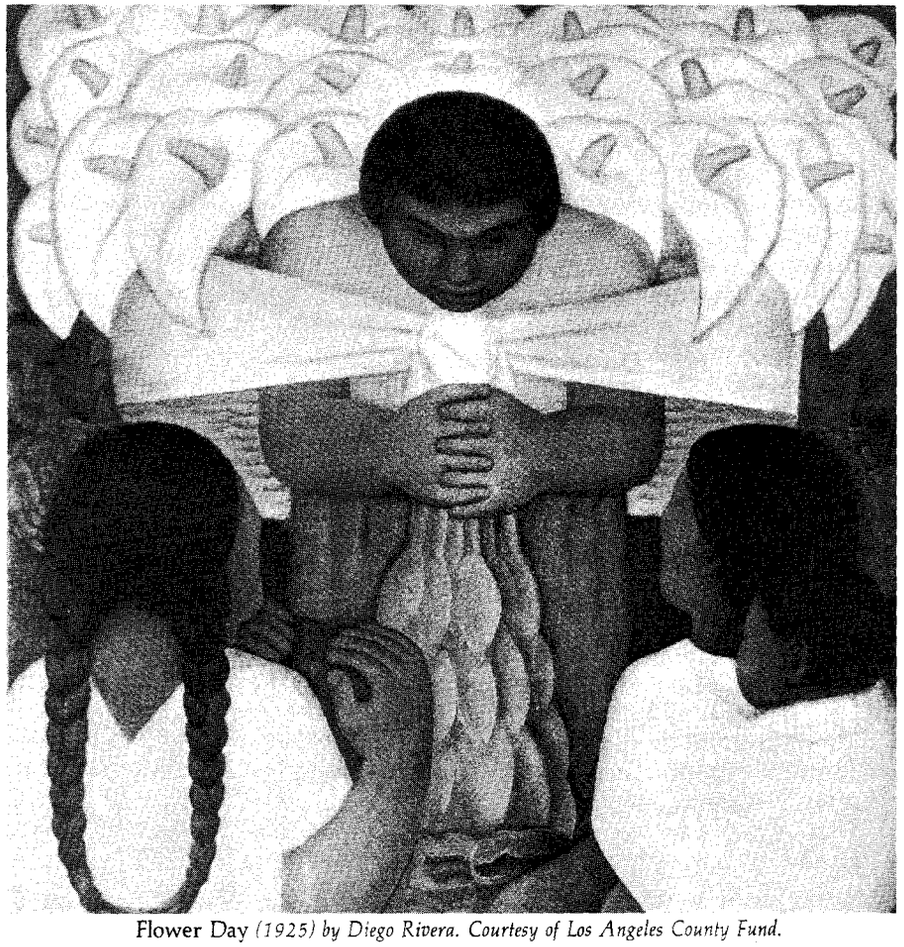
political orations with the questioners booing and applauding one another. I was seldom heckled, although at one lecture for students in Mexico City, a belligerent youth demanded to know whether or not my true sponsor was the CIA (it was the USIS); asked what restrictions had been put upon my subject matter (I chose what I wanted, with neither restrictions nor suggestions from anybody); wanted to know to whom I would report (this article is as close as I have come to a report), and how much money I was making for my presumably sub-rosa activities. (The tour cost me more than the fee, the per diem, and all other paid expenses and minor allowances combined.) The only possible angle was the open one, that cultural exchanges are all to the good. (My own feeling on this score is that they can't do any harm.)

I suppose it was natural enough that the question of art and politics should arise in Latin America where the only significant 20th-century union between the two took place, this, of course, being the Mexican propagandistic art of the 1920's and '30s, led by Rivera, Orozco and the somewhat younger (by 15 years) Siqueiros. Again and again, from city to city—except in Chile, where the silence was possibly just as significant as the aggressiveness elsewhere—I was asked for an opinion on the function of art as a political weapon, a question that surprised me since nowhere, not even in Brazil, where the question was most frequently asked, was there any sign at all that this function was being exercised.

Quite the opposite. One of my lecture subjects was the revival of realism in the United States, where, pendulum fashion, the swing away from abstraction has taken the extreme form of photorealism and hyperrealism. The swing is also strong in South America, but is manifesting itself in fantasy and surrealism, the one direction among the many being followed by young North American artists today that is rejected out of hand. I tried to explain the persistence of fantasy in Latin American art as the result of triple influences: the Spanish baroque tradition of opulence, emotionalism, and synthetic miracle; the omnipresent background of mysterious pre-Columbian cultures; and mystical Catholicism—all in opposition to our own more hard-headed, unpicturesque, Protestant-Puritan inheritance.



Flower Day *(1925) by Diego Rivera. Courtesy of Los Angeles County Fund.*

Not at all, said the artists I talked to at parties after the lectures. Fantasy, they said, was their form of escape within suppressive political systems where realism, by its very nature a examination of facts, was bour violate dangerous taboos. Even the objective examination of the v around the artist would have t implicitly, a social comment. And b nature of things, the comment wa likely to please the authorities. Si met the same answer in so many pl it seems to be the explanation artists and critics have settled on, b still prefer my own, which strikes m art-historically valid in the long rur

Whatever the explanation, the ide art as a political weapon is all talk anc practice. "Political weapon" connc first of all an art of protest, which v certainly what my questioners had mind, an art of attack rather than t kind of politically-oriented art, famil for centuries, dedicated to the glorifi tion of a regime.

Paradoxically, the Mexican mura nominally dedicated to such a glorific tion, owed their impact to their tr nature as an art of protest-in-retrospe against the oppressive regimes th preceded the agrarian revolution. Tl triumph of the populace was presente largely in terms of the defeat ar humiliation of the colonials and the corrupt land-owner descendants.

The trouble with protest art, and th explanation of the reduced esteem, i which the art of the "Mexican Renai sance" is now held, is that protest, bein topical, soon becomes dated and loses it punch. (Now hold on: we will get aroun later to such exceptions as Goya *Disasters of War*, Daumier's *Rue Transn nain*, and Picasso's *Guernica*.) Even Be Shahn's Sacco and Vanzetti painting once so affecting, now impress us a documents first, and fine painting second. Peter Blume's *Eternal City*, rathe sensational in the early 1930's when i was painted, with its jack-in-the-bo Mussolini, has become a brilliantly executed but labored allegory of political system a thousandfold mor vicious than was apparent at the time And in Mexico, even if Rivera had diec before turning into a manneristic decorator, and even if Siqueiros had diec before his egomania produced the embarrassing *Progress of Humanity* now touted as a tourist attraction in Mexico City, their reputations would still have become as dusty as they are today.

Walking through the courtyards of the Ministry of Education, it is difficult to remember how stimulating Rivera's murals used to be, how vigorous his sterile interbreeding of Giottesque and pre-Columbian forms once seemed, how

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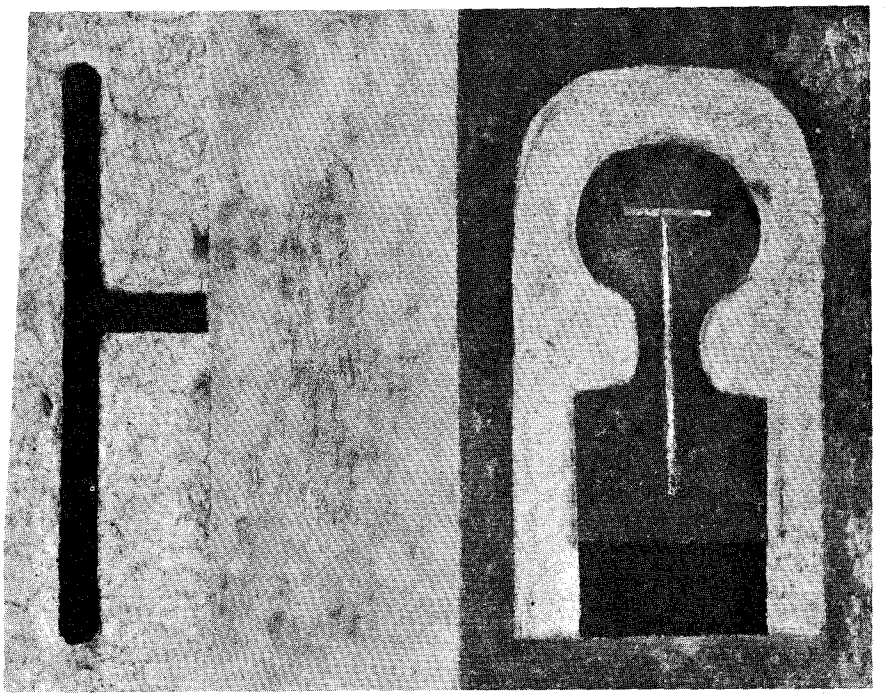
iis premise that murals in public ngs could become the history of the illiterate. Even Orozco, the man of the Mexican Renaissance, e rage once so stirred us, begins to ike a bombastic journalist except in



Busto Conmemorativo *(1973) by Rufino Tamayo. Courtesy of Marlborough Gallery, New York.*

s saving, glorious achievement, the urals in the Hospicio Cabanas in uadalajara, blazing with mythic fire in is coldest and most austere of Mexican uildings. In these murals, history ecomes an indigenous Mexican mythogy that fuses Cortez, half-legendary ztec kings, and Quetzalcoatl in the ama of Mexico's conquest and remption.

Rivera and Siqueiros by default, and rozco by demonstration, prove that istory painting, if it is to endure as art, ust take on the nature of myth and gend. Rufino Tamayo—at 78 the dean f Mexican painters and, for that atter, of all Latin-American painters—as only three years younger than iqueiros but realized that Mexico's digenous mythology could be approached in only one way by his eneration—not in terms of history or olitics or mythological tales, but in erms of an esthetic language dictated by he internationalism of post-cubist and ost-fauvist styles of of the 1930's, '40s, nd '50s. A Zapotec Indian from Oaxaca, cutely aware of his racial heritage and letermined to preserve it, Tamayo at he same time is the product of sophisticated circles in Europe and New York, vhere he has taught, worked, and been ultivated by dealers, collectors, artists, nd the rest of the cosmopolitan art world.

Echoes of Picasso and Klee are strong on the surface of his work. In his latest New York exhibition (at Marlborough, Nov. 18-Dec. 30), there was not a single specific reference to anything Mexican, but the paintings are Mexican through and through. To anyone unfamiliar with the Mexican tradition, Tamayo may seem a variant of School-of-Paris estheticism marked by an arrestingly individual colorism. But for anyone who knows Mexico outside Mexico City and Acapulco, the color by itself is a distillation of the exoticism of that wonderful country. Tamayo's anonymous, ritualistic figures—*Man in a Window, Couple in a Doorway, Man Against Red Background* or any other subjects—are invested with his tragic nostalgia for the abandoned traditions and waning passions of a Mexican spirit increasingly diluted by the forces of our television-and-neon culture. There is nothing of protest in Tamayo's art; there is much of anguished acceptance.

All I could answer to my questioners on the subject of protest art was that I had seldom seen any that, as art, was more that just tolerable. As great exceptions, Goya's *Disasters of War* was inspired by the abominations of the Napoleonic invasions, but ended as a castigation of man's universal inhumanity to man. Daumier's *Rue Transnonain,* without the key to its subject (the civil guard's murders of workers' families during the Republican revolt of 1834), becomes a universal statement of our mortal vulnerability to anonymous violence, a subject the ancient Greeks understood very well, calling it Fate. Picasso's *Guernica* is not the record of the bombing of one city, but a vital allegory of the triumph of brute violence over ideal heroism and—if you notice the small plant blossoming near a hero's severed arm and a broken sword—our enternal capacity for renewal.

But protest art in general? No. It is seldom effective even at the moment, and stales quickly.

B.H. Haggin on classical music

A performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony by Lorin Maazel with the Philadelphia Orchestra some years ago, in which his pacing of the work, as someone remarked, made it sound more like Beethoven's *Erratica,* kept me away from further performances of his until this season, when interest in what he would achieve as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic led me to attend a concert in which they played the Suite No. 1 from Handel's *Water Music* and Mozart's Symphony K.551 (*Jupiter*). A striking feature of his conducting on this occasion was his idiosyncratic waving of his baton in circles in all directions, in which my eye could see no relation to what was happening in the music or what was being done by the orchestra, and to which he added exaggerated pantomimic indications of decrescendos and other details. I had the impression that there had been communication at the rehearsals, which had established the orchestral balances, tempos and dynamics that the experienced orchestra was able to produce at the concert without the explicit guidance it didn't get from the circlings of Maazel's baton. The playing was good, but without the impress of musical distinction that the conductor must

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provide and Maazel didn't provide. And he still exhibited a lack of the sense for correct tempo: he made the majestically proclamatory opening of the Handel piece ponderous in its excessive slowness; the Bourée much too fast for its proper effect.

Having heard excellent performances—of Mozart Serenades among other things—conducted by Edo de Waart on records, I welcomed the opportunity to hear him conduct his Rotterdam Philharmonic in a Beethoven program at a concert of Carnegie Hall's International Festival of Orchestras. The orchestra, it turned out in the opening piece, the *Leonore No. 3* Overture, was not of the virtuoso caliber of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw or the great American orchestras; but it played with precision and good sound in the unusually fast tempo de Waart set for the Allegro of the piece—so fast that it could not be made faster for the concluding Presto. The Piano Concerto No. 3 followed—a work by the young Beethoven, of the same period as the Symphony No. 2, several years before the dramatic *Eroica,* all of which I mention because both de Waart and Paul Schenly, the soloist, dealt with it as if it were a later dramatic work. I cannot recall ever having heard in it the extremes of fortissimo Schenly produced in contrast with the pianissimos; and he didn't persuade me that they were not excessive. But they didn't sound unpleasant; and his quiet phrases were ear-ravishing in tone and beautifully shaped. The Symphony No. 7 that completed the program *is* a powerful work of Beethoven's later years; but de Waart, who shaped it effectively, exaggerated its power to a degree that made the orchestra's sound in the finale unpleasantly noisy.

A Vanguard recording of Liszt's Transcendental Etudes, which didn't change my belief that *Paysage* is the one fine piece among them, introduced me to the playing of Russell Sherman, which I found so impressive in its command of the piano and its dealing with the music that I went to hear him play Beethoven's Sonatas Opp. 7, 31 No. 2, 57 *(Appassionata)* and 109 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I heard again a completely assured operation of a sense for shape that included freshly thought-out details, and a command of the piano that served his every musical purpose, but also, to my surprise, the extreme, and to my ears excessive fortissimos that I mentioned hearing in Schenly's performance of the Concerto No. 3. These excessive fortissimos, produced on Sherman's bleak-sounding piano, were unpleasant to the ear in the sparsely occupied Balcony where I sat; but may have been pleasanter in the well-filled Orchestra.

James Levine's contribution to the Metropolitan Opera's new *Rigoletto* is his superbly conducted musical performance that offered, the night I heard it, the excellent singing by Placido Domingo as the Duke and Ileana Cotrubas as Gilda, with singing by Cornell MacNeil in the title role that was still affected by his previous illness. This musical performance is best listened to with eyes closed that prevent one's being distracted by John Dexter's contribution—the stage production that is another of his acts of vandalism.

With the new production there was the usual talk, confident and mindless, not only by Dexter in a *Times* interview with Peter G. Davis of the paper's musical staff, but by Levine in an interview with Tony Randall during an intermission of the televised performance. I use "mindless" as the accurately descriptive term for the statements of both men that made no coherent sense and had no relation to any realities of what they professed to deal with. In a part that I missed of the Levine interview he was quoted as saying that they had benefitted from previous productions they had seen, and had perhaps achieved "greater fidelity to what the composer wanted." But the productions they had seen undoubtedly included the Metropolitan's previous one designed by Eugene Berman, concerning which I wrote in 1952 that the décors of the first three scenes were "the most astoundingly beautiful and effective I can recall seeing in opera"; and that by effective I meant "not only their extraordinary living presence as setting for what is seen and heard, but the way the first-[scene] palace interior, with its levels and windowed galleries, provides the means for the profusion of activity created by Herbert Graf." Clearly, this first scene designed by Berman was the *"sala magnifica nel palazzo Ducale"* that Verdi specifies, which the "great decaying Renaissance tower" (Dexter's words) occupying the center of the stage in the new production doesn't even suggest. In the part of the interview with Levine that I did hear he repeated their nonsense about the public accustomed to seeing the real scenes of movies and television not wanting to see papier-mâché imitations of them in opera, in which one should present instead conveys the work's essential dra reality—in the new *Rigoletto* the whose increasing dilapidation ir successive scenes relates to the dence of Mantuan society that the really is about. I call this nons because what the public sees in m and television includes sets of inte and exteriors that are made of the s materials as the sets of opera, inclu the tower in the new *Rigoletto;* because what that tower in scene a scene impresses one with is its lac any relation to what one sees happer in the work, and the distracting a wardness and absurdity it creates in happenings.

In the first scene, for example, tower leaves too little performance a on stage for the activity of a ball; and t necessary prominence of the Duke achieved implausibly by placing him o balcony with little space for movemer where he sings *"Questa o quella"* to Bors embraces a couple of female compa ions, is joined by Rigoletto, and looks as Rigoletto clambers down to the sta to make sport of Monterone. And in tl second act there is added—to the built-absurdity of Monterone's being led prison through the Duke's apartment the absurdity of this being done on tl tower's balcony, from which he a dresses the portrait of the Duke on tl stage below that he cannot see.

Dexter, in the *Times,* told Peter G. Dav that to stage *Rigoletto* as it was dor originally—which is to say with realist sets that placed it in the period of it dramatic action—"would be a disservic to the opera because we no longer have direct cultural relation to the 19t century." By this he meant I don't kno what, but certainly nothing that woul convince those who saw Berman realistic sets for *Rigoletto* that they were disservice to the opera. Works like *L Prophète* and *Rigoletto,* Dexter went or "have to be presented in a practical wa that suggests the piece and allows th audience to use their imaginations"— this practical way being the skeleta framework of an uncompleted cathedra and the clutter of wagons, platforms an stairs in *Le Prophète,* or the crumblin tower in *Rigoletto,* that suggests nothin the spectator's imagination can relate t the work's drama. And all he could dea with, said Dexter, was "practical, techni-cal problems. If something esthetically interesting arises out of the solution, that's wonderful. But you don't go to a piece with an esthetic approach—you go with a technical approach." That is what

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o if you are a John Dexter; but if re a Eugene Berman your approach opera is esthetic. For Davis the er *Rigoletto* showed "how a practical ion might well lead to a heightened tic experience"; but it didn't demrate that to me.

ie Metropolitan has been urging the ic to experience the sights and ıds of the operatic treasures of our ization, not recognizing that what ter does to the sights of *Aida, Le hète* and *Rigoletto* constitutes their ruction by one of the barbarians o rule the staging of opera today.

A word about televised opera: I think it is a mistake to have television present the singing actors as they would be seen by someone standing two feet away from them on the stage, where he couldn't avoid noticing things like Rigoletto's false nose and his eye on the prompter; and that it should instead present in the living room what is seen by the person in the opera house sitting at some distance from the stage, to whom Rigoletto's nose seems real and his eye on the prompter is less noticeable, and to whom he is part of the large stage picture.

Oh Death Where Is Thy Story Line?

n the chance that neither Art Buchald nor Russell Baker has written lariously about death, I shall try to do , knowing that either of them would the job better, each of them making l other funny writers look stupid—ımething I always try to avoid, but ımehow never do.

I don't stick to the subject the way ıey do—in, through, and out, everyody laughing all the way.

Each of them has a supporting cast of riends who phone, or chance upon ıem going home in the evening with ıe day's wages safely sewed into an ıside pocket.

I telephoned my old friend Stanley Keykeeper and said, Stan, I'll only be a ıinute—is there death after death?

Artie boy, he said, how did you know was me?

Well, I dialed your number, is that Dr. Keykeeper?

What can I do for you sir? the voice aid, and I said, Well, to tell you the truth 'm with this Poll Organization and ve're asking a few selected people in Paris if they really feel, or believe, that France loves them.

Could you repeat that, please, the oice said. I like to know which ethnic ninority it is I am being invited to think ıbout—Polish, did you say?

Well, yes, of course, but let me see if I an put it this way: Why doesn't Carter ry smiling. . . .

Which Carter is that? the voice said.

Of the little liver pills, I said. Is there *another*?

Well, the voice said, I was thinking of a Judge I used to read about in the papers who disappeared a long time ago.

Crater? I said. Are you thinking of staying put, right here in Paris, or do you have in mind going home?

Well, the voice said, can you give me a hint how it goes?

You know, I said, from the New World Symphony—*going home, going home*, you remember the way Paul Robeson used to sing it, don't you?

Oh, *that* song, the voice said, I like it, I like it, but unless you can zap it up with some freaky people in proper costumes I don't see how you are going to appeal to the new kids, but I'm not really making records anymore, although I can recommend that you try Victor.

Who? I said.

Victor Gramophone, the voice said. Want to know something? If I weren't by nature an old friend, I'd almost be willing to half-think you were somebody else.

I am, I said.

Hold on, the voice said, we've got a bad connection. What did you say?

I said I *am* somebody else.

Cases of amnesia among Americans in Paris are not uncommon, the voice said: it happens in one of three possible ways: seeing the show at the Folies after having heard so much about it for eighty years, standing at the bar adjoining the alley in Pigalle where the girls wear crazy costumes, or trying to find a way to make use of the Pompidou escalators at the Culture Center. If you've been there, of course you're somebody else. Have you been there?

Yes, I said, and I signed the guest book, too.

Then, I've got the solution for you, sir, the voice said. Hurry back and find what you signed. If it says Arthur L. Buchwald, why, then, chances are you're Artie. Otherwise, you must be Russell Baker. Russ baby, what's your question? I mean, I'm trying to understand my father.

Well, I said, I want to ask this question with all of the gravity it deserves, because I am not unaware that death is not a laughing matter, many people won't permit themselves to talk about it *at all*, as a matter of fact, because somebody in the family died, and they haven't been the same since.

Of course they haven't, the voice said. They've been dead.

No, I said, those aren't the people who haven't been the same since, it's the survivors over the past two centuries

BRONOWSKI

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who haven't. Having heard that several of their ancestors were suddenly carried off in that comedic manner, these people just naturally refuse to make light of it. Is there death, sir, after death?

Well, the voice said, why don't you ask somebody who's dead? I'm here, man, here, and alive, alive, oh. And you're asking *me* is there life after death?

No, *death* after death, I said and hung up, because I knew it wouldn't do. I'd been tricked again into not sticking to the subject.

Artie boy, Russ baby, take it from here, please, and this time tell us why we go on and on and on, as if there is no such thing as night.

William Saroyan

Books Considered

Milton and the English Revolution by Christopher Hill

(Viking; $15)

Many youthful radicals become conservative in middle or old age; Milton's growth was mainly leftward. He was suspended by his Cambridge college because of friction with his tutor and he publicly condemned the scholastic curriculum. Deciding against the clerical career for which his scholarly zeal had marked him out, he spent over five years at home giving himself the kind of liberal education Cambridge had not provided. These first symptoms of nonconformity soon expanded in scope and vigor. In "Lycidas" the 29-year-old poet made St. Peter the mouthpiece for a fierce denunciation of hireling shepherds infesting the church. The collapse of censorship in 1641 let loose a continuing flood of religious, political, and social controversy, and for two decades Milton, sacrificing his poetic ambitions to religious and public duty, gave most of his energies to the cause of liberty and a new order. As a Presbyterian fellow-traveler he wrote five tracts against episcopacy, which stood for much that was hated. Four more urged incompatibility as the most valid ground for divorce; these gave Milton his first real notoriety.

The two tracts most familiar nowadays, *Of Education* and *Areopagitica*, pleaded causes dear to the Renaissance humanist. While various reformers were demanding plain, practical education, Milton upheld the humanities (with much better teaching), a large infusion of science, and multiplication of such reformed schools. Since the Presbyterians, now in power, were intent on stifling all opinions but their own, *Areopagitica* was directed against censorship *before* publication. Milton would not tolerate either Roman Catholicism, long a religious and political menace, or "impious or evil" attacks on "faith or manners." What stirs us now, when we think of heavy disillusionments to come, is Milton's fervent celebration of good books and the rational dignity, responsibility, and Christian liberty of the individual mind and conscience, his faith in the power of truth to win its way through open debate, and his vision of England as again the leader of a great reformation.

The close interweaving of religion and politics in the period was naturally reflected in the evolution of Milton's thinking. The liberal Calvinist who wrote *Areopagitica* moved on to more liberal Arminianism, from inherited Anglicanism through Presbyterianism and Independency to individual independence. The man who, assailing the bishops, spoke as a monarchist, came to support the principle of resistance and regicide, and labored, in vain, to blunt the immense impact of *Eikon Basilike*, supposedly the self-portrait of the royal saint and martyr. Against adversaries (one of them a renowned European scholar) he defended the king's execution and the English people in two long tracts, in Latin, since they were addressed to learned Europe. The first of these two books cost what remained of Milton's failing sight, as he had been told it would; but the memory of his triumph helped to sustain him in later years. He was now a thorough republican modern democrat), bold enou oppose his admired Cromwell's p a state church and to warn him a one-man rule. And he showed re courage when, on the eve o Restoration, he published, and en and republished, a plan for a re which was really a cry of despai the chosen people's "now choosing a captain back for Egypt." Whe Restoration government took it venge on Commonwealth leaders, ton was for months in serious dang execution.

Exploration of leftist writing, b by Masson a century ago, has carried much further by modern s lars. Mr. Hill's book "is dedicate gratitude to the memory" of on them, the late Don M. Wolfe of Br lyn College, "who devoted a lifetim the study of Milton, but never for Richard Overton and Gerrard Winst ley." Like Wolfe, Hill has a str sympathy with the leftist movement; analytical mapping out of the age revolution embraces many more figu and opinions than had been catalog before in one book. He covers all ar and phases of Milton's develop thought from his youth onward, a defines precisely the points of liken and difference between his ideas a those of other religious, political, a social controversialists. Milton h commonly been denied any considera influence, but Hill quotes many tes monies of respect from leftists a others.

In his view most scholars have giv too little attention to the radica influence on Milton: while he is not to identified with any one sect or party, shared particular ideas with many. B their influence on him seems to largely a matter of assumption. Milt breathed the heady air of the times, ar had friends among the moderate r formers, but he was a learned ar responsible scholar, unlikely, we ma think, to draw prime nourishment fro underground sources; in fact he d nounced irresponsible extremists. M Hill himself observes that "learning wa not often to be found in the circles i which Milton was most admired." B however much or little radical opinion affected him, Hill's recording of the has its own abundant interest and valu

In his long examination of Milton three late poetical works Hill goes we beyond predecessors in finding continu al echoes, large and small, of the decade of conflict and defeat. The topical an

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al bearing of *Samson Agonistes* has een recognized. *Paradise Lost*, Hill , contains Milton's interpretation t second Fall, the failure of the tion. In broader terms, it "is a about the education of humanity,"

John Milton by William Faithorne (c. 1670). Collection of Princeton University.

the short epic more obviously is. ether or not Hill's reading goes too , it has always been clear that Milton t his early unbounded faith in the glish people as a whole, though not much-tried faith in God's provi- nce. But his hopes of national regen- tion were now centered in exception- individuals—like his own poetical roes and the Old Testament leaders gled out in *Paradise Lost*—through om God operates. They might be a ving remnant who would leaven the mp.

Hill seems to have much warmer mpathy with Milton's political than th his religious beliefs and attitudes. e can treat the latter quite fairly, but ten he bends Milton's mind into partial nformity with his own, as when he ys that the crusader's strong "this- orldliness" makes his approach to aditional doctrines "verge on the cular." Certainly Milton strove to ake this world better; certainly too he shed to the limit the Protestant inciple that every good Christian is his vn interpreter of God's word. As Hill ell knows, Milton labored earnestly, efore and after he lost his sight, on the ng Latin treatise on Christian doc- ine, "my dearest and best possession," hich he vainly hoped might become a asis for Protestant union (it was not rinted and translated until 1823-25). While he took account of standard ommentaries and expounded some old eresies, from anti-Trinitarianism to olygamy, which were shared by radi- cals, he founded his work strictly on the Bible. His social principles naturally involve the secular but have their religious sanctions; the theology is purely theological.

I can cite only two particular examples of Hill's inability or reluctance to recognize the depth of Milton's religious beliefs. He twice uses the label "perfunctory" for what he calls the "reference" to personal immortality in "Lycidas," that is, the climactic heavenly vision which alone answers the poet's first anguished questioning of God's justice, lines whose rhythm alone is enough to declare their emotional intensity. And what can be said of such a remark as this: "The myth of Orpheus seems to have made a greater emotional impression on him than the story of the Crucifixion, if we can judge by the frequency of its occurrence in his writings"? But enough of queries and objections.

This latest of Hill's dozen studies of the English 17th century is based, like the others, on his reading (along with Milton) of countless primary sources, and he draws on much modern scholarship, including his own. He might make serious assertion of the claim once put into the mouth of his Victorian predecessor at Oxford (I quote a neater version than the original):

My name is Benjamin Jowett,
I'm the Master of Balliol College.
Whatever is known, I know it;
What I don't know isn't knowledge.

We must be grateful for Hill's fresh information, his active insight, his clarity of handling and vigor of style, even if at moments we may feel buried under an avalanche of index cards. The book rewards anyone who would understand the ferment of mainly radical ideas boiling in the cauldron of the English Revolution—some of them still with us. And, whatever our reservations about Hill's Milton, he enriches our sense of the heroic strength that carried the poet-thinker through prolonged struggle and tragic defeat to such a sublimation and renewal as the last three poetical works, equally astonishing in their vitality and their several modes of uniquely disciplined art.

Douglas Bush

Douglas Bush is Gurney Professor of English Literature Emeritus at Harvard University.

The Collapse of Liberal Empire: Science and Revolution in the Twentieth Century by Paul N. Goldstene

(Yale; $10)

Ten years ago, when doomsaying was becoming a convention in our political analysis, Paul N. Goldstene might have had a monster best-seller on his hands with this short but meaty volume on the meaning and failures of American liberalism. His charge that the intellectual bankruptcy of the movement has allowed American society to decay into a soulless, oppressive corporate juggernaut has just the right ring of contempt and exhilarating despair that turned on many progressive thinkers and activists of the day.

Now, however, as this latest wave of national masochism has passed and our post-Bicentennial flush has sunk in, Goldstene's apocalyptic outlook merely serves to sabotage one of the most important critiques of liberal thought of recent times, as well as his intriguing proposition that science offers our only realistic hope of salvation.

Nevertheless, Goldstene's ability to ask the right questions and explode much of what has emerged as our conventional political wisdom alone represents a valuable contribution, even though he ultimately fails to show our fallen society a clear way back to grace.

Despite all the recent talk about liberalism's demise, little has been said about why the movement is in such dreary shape. The laundry list of immediate causes is familiar enough—Vietnam, the failure of the Great Society, the backlash against racial and social upheaval, inflation—but few bother to ask why they so devastated a philosophy that had completely domi-

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nated American political life.

Goldstene argues that the answer lies in the widening gap between the liberal ethos Americans have always lived by and the realities of power—especially corporate power—in the United States today. By nature a philosophy seeking to check power by maintaining societal balance, and long preoccupied with political power, liberalism is completely disoriented in an age of multinationals, conglomerates, corporate bribery, Howard Hughes and the Dita Beard Memo. Yet it still reigns tyrannically and irrationally over the American mind, holding that economic power will remain neatly separated from political power—and therefore beneficent—as long as government keeps its dirty hands away from the pristine business world. This hopelessly outdated outlook, rooted in the world of the Enlightenment, has not only ravaged the movement, but generated widespread discontent and brought the system to the edge of crisis.

Augmenting this promising framework is an examination of liberalism's inherent weaknesses that stands as a model of analytical—if not stylistic—lucidity. Just as political distinctions seem increasingly meaningless and the end of ideology lurks just around the corner, Goldstene provides many badly-needed insights which bring considerable order to our current confusion, not to mention a way to call on the carpet politicians who smugly counter any and all criticism by claiming that they can't be labeled anymore.

Historically, his treatment of liberalism as the political philosophy distinguished by its commitment to the idea of balance rather than any particular ideology is especially useful for conferring some coherence on its muddled past. Thus, Populists, Progressives, New Dealers and others are united less by any specific views on government regulation of business, redistributing income, civil liberties, race, or any other bundle of issues, than by their devotion to correcting whatever societal imbalances they perceive, to exerting what Galbraith calls a countervailing influence wherever it's needed.

This view, in turn, furnishes liberals today with the sense of identity and direction they so desperately need. For while the stress on balance for its own sake is at least partially responsible for the creeping paralysis that afflicts liberal ranks, it also suggests a number of policy stands that should be taken, notably a clear responsibility towards all of society's have-nots as long as the system works against them. In this vein, no longer can President Carter rationalize away the effects of poverty by arguing that life is unfair, and at the same time claim philosophical kinship with a Humphrey, a McGovern or a Mondale. According to Goldstene, the essence of liberalism is the struggle against this unfairness. His arguments have an even more pointed message for "liberal" opponents of affirmative action, who deny that government has the right or the duty to actively correct racial injustice.

From here, however, Goldstene embarks on a frightfully overwrought analysis of the state of modern America, deriving so much thinly-concealed joy from surveying the web of misery, despair, exploitation and corruption he sees that he never asks if it represents the whole picture. Today, he claims, America is at the end of its rope. The power balance has swung lopsidedly in favor of a corporate sector which is paradoxically trapped in a stage of imperial contraction, no longer able to afford the competition and uncertainty of even mixed capitalism, and increasingly engaged as a result in the politics of social control. The American people dimly sense this new corporate dominance over their once-sovereign lives, but liberals' inability to come to grips with economic power blinds them to the root of the crisis, rendering their policies ineffective and their numbers despondent.

That corporate power has grown to a dimension liberals could never have foreseen is beyond doubt. That Americans are deeply troubled by their individual powerlessness, both over their lives and their leaders, is too. But that's a far cry from saying that they've reached the political point of no return due to the system's failure to live up to its promises and premises. Goldstene's arguments are not only unconvincing, they smack of that pop sociology which extrapolates six Gallup polls on popular views of business, three *Time* cover stories on the mood of middle America, and a *60 Minutes* spot on white collar unemployment into imminent revolution.

His perspective leads to observations which seem more the product of wishful thinking than rigorous investigation. Mistaking inchoate forms of social frustration for hard political stands, he characterizes the unemployed, the young, and the parents of the young as "a growing and angry force for change" because of dwindling educational opportunity. Straying into fantasy, h tends that Americans "increa identify with those they view as co riots in the imperial areas, as perceive themselves as victims o same policy at home." This will s startle any Congressman who has supported increased foreign aic reducing tariffs on imports from developed countries. And rhapsod about the radicalizing influenc youth, he overlooks the new g flannel suit generation emerging f our colleges and universities.

Even if Goldstene's distorted por were accurate, fatal flaws remain v the theoretical foundations of his ar ment. The keystone of Goldste analysis is the concept of abundance, it's used in two contradictory a mutually exclusive ways. On the hand, Goldstene posits a grow oriented capitalistic economy n reaching its limits and no longer able create the affluence or the opportuni expected by the American people. Yet the other hand, he sees surplus as "systemic reality" whose coexisten with poverty proves the squalor of t status quo. Scarcity in this view is simp a myth fostered by the corporate sect to preserve its power by locking t populace into an unthinking productio consumption mode of life. The perce tion of surplus would comprise "t historic force of revolution" by liber ting the masses from this on dimensional existence and creati desires and expectations—of person fulfillment, of spiritual satisfaction—t corporate sector can neither satisfy n even tolerate. A similar contradictic guts his treatment of opportunit forcing him to argue that opportunity simultaneously expanding and contrac ing, and that both developments threa en the system.

Intriguing though it is, Goldstene depiction of science as the one grou powerful enough to restrain corporat power and create a more just, genuinel democratic social and political balance i America—he never really gets mor specific than this—leaves several giar questions unanswered. Granted th corporate state's decision to cope wit shrinking resources by retrenching an restricting opportunity threaten science's ability to conduct researc Granted that as its funding dries up, th scientific faction will slowly come t realize that its interests in creating greater demand for its skills coincid with the masses' desires for greate prosperity, wider opportunity, mor

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ıally fulfilling lifestyles and higher
of "educated intelligence"
ghout society. And granted that
e's critical role in maintaining our
ological society gives it the clout to
up to the corporate masters.
the sharp distinction drawn by
stene between the inherently pro-
ive, humanistic scientist and the
ionary technician-engineer truly
? Is our educational system, still
tant to require science students to
courses in history, philosophy,
ical science and literature, capable
urning out such scientists? Are
als' fears of the scientific faction's
N mandarins" more reasonable than
dstene allows? And even if science is
y progressive, why would scientists
ıny more accountable to the popular
l than the managerial class identified
Berle, Means, Burnham and others in
'40s and '50s as the new rulers of a
ıevolent meritocracy, but feared by liberals as too remote from public opinion?

Despite these flaws, Goldstene's fundamental point that only by perceiving our pervasive liberalism can we solve whatever problems beset us still stands. And we are left at the end of this maddeningly schizoid work with two disturbing propositions not so easily dismissed as his imbalanced picture of modern America: that our ancient liberalism, with its stress on balance and procedures at the expense of substance, cannot provide the increasingly technical answers our current problems demand; and that our reliance on it reflects not that creed's timelessness, but the poverty of our own thought.

Alan Tonelson

Alan Tonelson is associate editor of the *Inter Dependent*, a publication of the United Nations.

---

he First Three Minutes:
. Modern View of the Origin of the Universe
y Steven Weinberg
asic Books; $8.95)

he Key to the Universe:
. Report on the New Physics
y Nigel Calder
/iking; $15.95)

cheering development for those
ıncerned with the comprehensibility of
ıture has been the confluence of
tronomy, a science concerned of
ırse with very large things, and
ıclear physics, a science of the very
nall. Astrophysics, a signal intellectual
lventure since before the days of
nstein and George Ellery Hale, con-
nues to attract many of the best minds
om both its constituent fields today.
he philosophical consequences of its
ıany accomplishments—accomplish-
ıents that include unravelling much of
ıe life story of stars, measuring the
xpansion of the universe, and peering
ıto the still-shadowy world of the
uclei of atoms—have yet to be mined in
epth, but their tendency has been to
eward the deep hope of science that
ature really is comprehensible, perhaps
legantly simple.

That so bold an article of scientific faith should stand scrutiny was by no means assured to the pioneers of astrophysics. When the American astronomer Edwin Hubble examined, in the 1920's and '30s, the constitution of stars in galaxies millions of light years distant, he was relieved to find that they behaved according to laws of physics known to us on Earth. The situation might conceivably have been otherwise; nature might have dealt physical law from a different deck of cards for each galaxy, rendering comprehension of nature at large hopelessly difficult. Instead, it appears, the same deck of cards is employed everywhere, from the atoms in this printing ink to those of the Virgo cluster of galaxies. And, for reasons nobody understands, we descendants of a sort of tree lemur seem able to read the cards.

Steven Weinberg, a Harvard physicist, concerns himself in *The First Three Minutes* with an awesome meeting ground of astronomy and physics, the origin of the universe. The universe today is expanding, its galaxies rushing apart at speeds proportional to their distance from one another. Run the expansion backward in time and you will be led to a season, perhaps 20 billion years ago, when all the stuff of the cosmos was concentrated at high density and temperature. All time and space, all matter and energy was bound up in the primordial fireball, according to this theory of genesis, for which some impressive evidence has accumulated. At such a time large and small were not merely analogous, they were the same things. At Time Zero the fireball was infinitesimally small. One hundredth of a second after expansion began, when Weinberg begins his story, the universe measured four light years in circumference. Its temperature was 100,000 million degrees Absolute and consisted, in Weinberg's words, of "an undifferentiated soup of matter and radiation." Weinberg is a bit nostalgic for that time, when, he notes, the universe was "simpler and easier to describe than it ever will be again."

It remains for science to reconstruct the grand tale of evolution from the hot

Arab Politics

The Search for Legitimacy

Michael C. Hudson

The first systematic comparative analysis of political behavior throughout the entire Arab world, from Morocco to Kuwait. In an attempt to explain why the Arab world remains in ferment, Hudson discusses such crucial factors as Arab and Islamic identity, ethnic and religious minorities, the crisis of authority, the effects of Western imperialism, and modernization.

"Hudson has succeeded brilliantly in surveying and analyzing the entire range of contemporary Arab politics. . . . [He] focuses his vast knowledge of theory and historical data with valid and illuminating generalizations, perhaps the most basic one being that most if not all Arab countries lack an effective structure for full political participation."
—*Library Journal* $22.50

Yale

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soup of genesis to the appearance of planetary creatures curious about genesis. In Weinberg's view, the cooling of the universe, as it expanded and organized itself into galaxies and stars, may have been responsible for turning physical reality into a detective story. "Nature now exhibits a great diversity of types of particles and types of interactions," he writes. "Yet we have learned to look beneath this diversity, to try to see the various particles and interactions as aspects of a simple unified gauge field theory. The present universe is so cold that the symmetries among the different particles and interactions have been obscured by a kind of freezing; they are not manifest in ordinary phenomena, but have to be expressed mathematically, in our gauge field theories. That which we do now by mathematics was done in the very early universe by heat—physical phenomena directly exhibit the essential simplicity of nature."

Weinberg accepts the challenge of first-rate science writing—to translate sophisticated, often highly mathematical ideas into language more broadly understood—and his deep interest in his subject seems likely to arouse sympathetic interest in readers lying across any but the widest gulf of intellectual disparity. I finished the book liking Weinberg, not least for his unpretentiousness. "I cannot deny a feeling of unreality," he writes, "in writing about the first three minutes as if we really know what we are talking about."

That the modern universe is a complicated place will quickly become apparent to readers of Nigel Calder's *The Key to the Universe*. Early in the development of atomic theory it had been thought that all matter could be accounted for by only three subatomic particles—protons, neutrons and electrons. Today the names of known particles fill a page, and even the current candidate for truly fundamental status among them, the quark, is thought to come in varieties—the "up" and "down" quarks, anti-quarks, and quarks possessed of "color" and "charm." Modern physics presents us not with a key to the universe, but at best a thick ring of keys, many of which may fit no ultimate lock. Since most scientists hold at least loosely to the dictum that nature is organized along lines that are, in Einstein's words, subtle but not malicious, some find the complexity of modern nuclear physics suspicious enough to draw into question the basic assumptions of the particle approach. One leading theorist likens the use of giant accelerators, which slam subatomic particles into each other at speeds approaching that of light, to trying to learn how a Swiss watch works by smashing two of them together and then examining the broken pieces. In a joke Calder reports is making the rounds, a new accelerator experiment prompts God, pressed for a decision, to say, "Don't look at me; it never came up before," and poll the heavenly host, who vote to let the physicists below add yet another "fundamental" particle to their increasingly maddening collection.

Calder, a British science writer, has written a series of excellent documentaries for the BBC, notably *Violent Universe*, each accompanied by a richly-illustrated book reflecting the contents of the show. *The Key to the Universe* is another in that series. Like its predecessors, it strives to report from the cutting edge of scientific endeavor, speaking in a voice of considerable immediacy. A welcome freshness and sense of adventure results, but also a serious liability. Modern nuclear physics is in a quandary. It entertains a number of competing theories, none simple, many dou misconceived. It is simply too s know which, if any, is on the right Calder can hardly be blamed for re to wait a decade or two in hopes t Einstein will bring order to the c confusion, but meanwhile readers latest book must prepare themselv some unquestioned rough going. H a sample: "The charmed/anti-cha pair could just constitute a gipsy ticle, and the up/anti-up an ordi meson. But if they group differe the result is two particles with n charm."

Both these books add to the grov list of intelligent popularizations science that have appeared in re years, books that constitute a valu cultural resource by informing reac about the supreme intellectual endea of our times.

Timothy Fer

Timothy Ferris is the author of *The Limit: The Search for the Edge of the Univ* (Morrow).

The Vast Majority: A Journey to the World's Poor
by Michael Harrington
(Simon and Schuster; $9.95)

Poor People's Movements: Studies From the Contemporary United States
by Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward
(Pantheon Books; $12.95)

Two provocative views of the poor are presented in these books: one an engaging moderate polemic on how the world's poor are unjustly exploited by an international trade market dominated by the United States; the other a harsh, presumptuous political thesis on the inability of the poor here to use fully their potential power of protest to gain reforms in a system stacked against them. Both are sure to stir controversy.

The world's poor are the concern this time of socialist Michael Harrington. As he did 15 years ago with his classic *The Other America*, Harrington again is trying to prick the conscience of the nation. All he wants is a "modest" voluntary redistribution of the world's wealth to relieve the abject poverty of the Thi World and give it hope for a bett future.

Harrington's strongest argument is moral one. He fervently believes that only America knew of the misery beir perpetuated by the current capitalist mechanism it would change its greec ways. He cites such facts as more tha two billion human beings in want; son 400 to 600 million with stunted brair because of caloric and protein deficier cies; 70 million in immediate threat c starvation. Simply stated, Harrington goal is to shatter "America's cruel innc cence."

Innocence indeed. It may be for Carter administration few fumblin

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oreign policy, but certainly not with a piece of the international t. They know what they are which is trying to turn a maxi- profit. Harrington argues that markets would be greater if only hird World was wealthier, though ding that would take time to op. Time is something that man- ent, judged by their quarterly ends, does not have.

iat Harrington considers modest s are essentially for the United s to accede to the Third World osals put forward at the UN Con- ice on Trade Development. These de smoothing out commodity mar- luctuations, forgiving present debts assisting poor nations to industrial- He notes that the real profits are in essing, but that underdeveloped ons only get $30 billion for commod- that eventually cost the consumer 0 billion.

he moves unfortunately are far from dest for a nation with an accelerating le deficit and chronic unemploy- nt. Foreign industries already have le deep and damaging cuts in the l economy, such as in the garment electronics fields. If anything, the od these days is for increased protec- iism, in sharp contrast to Harring- 's goals.

eforms to the international market chanism rarely come except on a ng tide of domestic wealth. Then nation can afford to be beneficent.

Actually, Harrington confesses that really wants "a commonwealth of manity," based on a new international nomic and political order. He is not guine, as he should not be, but presses eternal hope with an opti- sm bordering on naiveté.

Harrington's hopes have been fed by world journeys, a disarming account which brings his polemic to life. A verty tourist of sorts, Harrington can eloquent and moving. His humanity contagious. Despite the harsh realities the market place and parochial nerican politics, one is drawn to his a for a more just system to end the rld's misery.

A dash of utopianism is not all that bad r one's system.

Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. oward would not agree. They sharply ject the "sentimental solutions and mbolic gestures" of the politics of ruism, contending that the only way e poor will gain meaningful social and onomic reforms is through extended otests and mass disruptions. When these efforts turn to organizational and electoral politics, the authors disparagingly add that the movements fail.

Their thesis is based upon a study of the efforts of the unemployed to gain relief and workers to organize in the 1930s and the civil and welfare rights drives of the 1960s. The authors feel that the unrest of these periods was not fully exploited and eventually dissipated into political pap. Injustices still prevail, awaiting new uprisings.

In the efforts by the unemployed, Piven and Cloward note that the Roosevelt Administration diverted protesting groups by absorbing leaders into government and giving hope for reforms to the masses through electoral politics. The authors admit that this speaks to "the resiliency of the American political system," but bemoan that the movement did not achieve more. They feel it sold out too quick for too little.

No sympathy is expressed for the unions either, which the authors say from recognition on have vainly sought compromises from the "elites"—the powerful in industry and government—to the detriment of the workers. "Factory workers had their greatest influence and were able to extract their most substantial concessions . . . before they were organized," write Piven and Cloward. "Their power was not rooted in organization, but in their capacity to disrupt the economy." To what other end but to organize and bargain, the authors fail to note. Nor do they examine the possibility that perhaps the problem was in the organization, rather than in the failure to continue the disruptions.

There is little question that the success of the civil rights movement was rooted in disruptions that the government could not tolerate and so eventually yielded to. But the authors' contention that the movement failed because it did not go further and secure social and economic advances is a bit harsh. The thrust of the movement was to gain the franchise for the blacks, with the eventual hope that through it other advances would follow. This has happened, however slowly. The authors believe there should be more mass defiances to speed the process.

Piven and Cloward were very much involved in the welfare rights movement, urging its leaders to pursue disruptive protests rather than community organization and lobbying. They hoped that by flooding the welfare rolls with clients demanding all benefits, a fiscal and political crisis would follow prompting reforms. It did not, but neither did the movement's efforts to organize and lobby. The problem, as in every movement, was human frailties, for which the authors have little sympathy.

Nevertheless, the point is well made that protests and disruptions are the major weapons of a movement, certainly in its formative stages. It is a unique thesis, and as such deserves a place on the shelves of organizers of future efforts. But the book bogs down in a dogmatic effort to carry the point to extremes. How far a movement can go before there is a backlash, demoralization or exhaustion of its followers, or a yielding to token spoils will always be problematical, Piven and Cloward's

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magnanimous hindsight notwithstanding.

Eventually organization is needed to give leaders direction and strength when they turn to lobbying and electoral efforts, as they must if they are seeking solutions within the existing economic and political structure. If not, there is anarchy. Whether this is what the authors want they never say.

Samuel Kaplan

Samuel Kaplan is the author of *The Dream Deferred: People, Politics and Planning in Suburbia* (Seabury).

Coming Into the Country by John McPhee

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95)

Alaska, writes John McPhee, is a foreign country significantly populated by Americans. "Its languages extend to English. Its nature is its own. Nothing seems so unexpected as the boxes marked U.S. Mail." Alaska has half the population of Dallas and is twice the size of Texas; reduced to scale, the pipeline is like a thread across Staten Island. There is a gold rush (the state's third) and an oil rush, and when Washington, Juneau, and the natives conclude their battle of writs, there will be a land rush, too.

There is wilderness where "the sixteenth century has not yet happened, nor the fifteenth, nor the fifth," where evidence of Man is circumstantial: a can of sardines in Grizzly scat. And there is Anchorage, a "neon borealis," an American spore, where evidence of *civilization* is likewise circumstantial. "A large cookie cutter brought down on El Paso"—or on the northern rim of Trenton, the center of Oxnard, the ocean-blind precincts of Daytona Beach—"would lift something like Anchorage into the air."

Beyond and between are the bush towns where roads connect only to themselves and the scrawl on a wall calendar reads, "Meat killed three days after full moon said to keep better"; where you can live the kind of life that prompts one Indian to ask, "Is *Robinson Crusoe* fiction?" Everywhere on the subcontinent the conversation is Alaska, Alaska only, and the talk smacks less of Pangloss than of Jeremiah.

Coming into the Country is John McPhee's 13th book, and it is his longest and best. McPhee is above all a craftsman, the most literate of American journalists, a reporter who makes art. He writes pieces for *The New Yorker* that are as complex as novels, as meticulous as scholarship, on subjects most writers wouldn't dare: Twynam of Wimbledon, keeper of the lawn; the life cycle of the orange; the anatomy of a single tennis match between Clark Graebner and Arthur Ashe; the building of bark canoes. He is a master interviewer, an accomplished outdoorsman. He goes after his story in a "loose, truffle-sniffing zigzag," like a helicopter over the tundra, and he records it in prose that is humorous, elegant, economical. The texture is at once natural and contrived, like the grass on Wimbledon's center court.

In *Coming into the Country*, the history and terrain, the politics and people are composed into distinct movements: a trek by sutured kayak down the Salmon River, high above the Arctic Circle in the Brooks Range; the hunt (per 1974 referendum) through the Interior for a place to build the new state capital; and life in the bush community of Eagle (pop.: 100), which McPhee likens to a bathysphere lowered deep into the Yukon. Within each there is variation and counterpoint, all set against a landscape so immense that "language is stretched to call it a frontier." And sometimes—often—McPhee abandons script and simply trolls for conversation, like the camera sweeping down the hallway in *The Magnificent Ambersons*, reaping a snip of dialogue from behind each doorway before passing to the next.

"Most people felt if we became a state we'd get rid of some of this federal control, and actually it's got worse."

"The Indian man has been emasculated by the whites. Indian women want to marry whites."

"Since statehood, the country's gone sour."

Two thirds of Alaska's citizens came into the country during the last years; a decade brings seniority than 100,000 of the state's 375 acres are built or lived on. Until re you could squat on the excess, p gold, and watch the grizzlies s their bellies by walking over t while getting by on two moose ducks, and maybe 100 quarts of sal year. For two.

But when oil was discovered in the federal government cracked on the wilderness dwellers in its r impresario for the wholesale "divi subdividing, patenting, parcelling, deeding out of geophysical Alaska." 1971 Native Claims Settlement Act the Indians and Eskimos 40 mi acres; national parks got 80 million; million more will go to the state; much of what's left is waste. Indivi settlers find slim pickings; some ma Indian women to take advantage of profits and the laws of post-Settlem Act Alaska. They are the land-cl bridegrooms. Progress and politics h not done well by Alaska.

Developers spar with sneakerfa Anchorage tilts with Fairbanks, bush folk savage each other, and eve one takes on Juneau, two time zo away. Having Juneau the capital Alaska would be like making Nashv the capital of New York. Half the sta meanwhile, lives in Anchorage. "A chorage," claim its residents, "is t logical place for the capital."

"The capital must be a new city."

"We are not Brazil."

"Anyone who has built a city li Anchorage should not be permitted build one anywhere else."

But access will be a problem no mat where they plant the town. Roads ar figure of speech in Alaska, and m travel is by plane. Merrill Field outsi Anchorage serves small craft only, bu handles 54,000 more flights a year th Newark International. In Alaska, mo people take off—and fewer return than anywhere in the Lower Fort eight. They use snowmobiles, too, a bulldozers to dent the permafrost. B Eagle, which had telegraph service fo time in 1903, celebrated the Bicentenni without television or telephone. "T advantages of modern civilization," sa town sachem Dick Cook, "do n impress me."

"When the road closes, we are n snowed in. Other people are snowe out."

In the bush, they eat squaw cand (smoked salmon) and Alaskan strawbe ries (dried beans), and when a grizzly

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d and halved "the torso hangs like nhower jacket." On the Yukon, ver people—the young, tribal —gather for the vernal equinox. argue ethics (Is it wrong to feed to dogs?), and the talk, like ee's writing, "curves through long s": the kerf-width of saws, the s of stoves, the merits of marten grouse wings or salmon skins? Or berry jam?). In the rivers of the ks Range the salmon swim so thick 'looking over the side of the canoe e staring down into a sky full of elins." But these days, who needs elins?: "The ultimate destiny of ka," bellows one newspaper editor, o help the nation be self-sufficient. should bend and help, not tie the land up in a knot to save a bear or a tree or a fond dream."

"There's a need for a place where you can lose yourself."

"The arks are ten percent of the state, God damn it. Tithed to the future. This is America's ultimate wilderness; it goes no farther."

In the tributaries up the Yukon prospectors use gushing pipe-hoses to sift whole creeks of gravel for a few ounces of gold. John McPhee has shoveled two years of Alaska down the sluices and come out with a lot more.

Cullen Murphy

Cullen Murphy is an associate editor of the *Wilson Quarterly.*

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hes Out of Hope:
tion by Soviet-Yiddish Writers
ited by Irving Howe
d Eliezer Greenberg

hocken Books; $10.95)

ere is a certain amount of necessary ormation about these stories; after it they should stand on their own. vid Bergelson, Moshe Kulbak and r Nister were Soviet Jews who tried write in Yiddish as if it were a modern guage. They were men of letters rking with the same ideas and hniques as writers outside Russia. at makes it necessary to forego the a of "tradition" which is ordinarily oked with Jewish writing.

Bergelson, Kulbak and Der Nister ote under state censorship and cenship self-imposed by Soviet writers d the Jewish community. Their lanage was suspect, and had to be rged, by order of the state, of its ebrew vocabulary. "Socialist" content is indispensable; here is what the new ficial culture thought was wrong with ddish authors:

) Cutting themselves off from real life and oving toward individualism and ymbolism—Der Nister, L. Reznik.

) Idealization of the gradually disappearing lasses, with emotional participation in their ate—N. Lurye.

) A passive attitude toward our reality—I. Kipnis.

) Epicureanism, glorifying the passing oment—Z. Axelrod.

5) Lack of self-definition, neutralism, going along at a distance-a general evil.

The man who wrote this tried hard but was later executed for insufficient orthodoxy. All the writers in this book died in prison, as did most of those mentioned in the introduction.

Bergelson's "Joseph Schur" is about provincial Jewish life at the end of the monarchy and of its own lifetime. The story begins with the Talmud teacher, Jacob Nathan Viderpoller, of Great Setternitz, who cannot resist an arranged marriage between the town's richest man and a girl from cosmopolitan Kiev. Jacob Nathan is the kind of character whose energy drives the 19th-century novel: moral, prying, righteous, incapable of containment, mad with the will to perform, full of knowledge and arrogance. He is a kind of *primum mobile* of fiction, and is to be found in George Eliot and Trollope as well as in Chekhov. Viderpoller is a public man, which means that he deals with other people's lives.

Jacob Nathan Viderpoller moves across the landscape, from Great Setternitz to Skvir to Kozlov to Brashek to Kiev, and nobody seems able to stop that demonic energy. Wherever he goes he argues about Talmud, oils the rich, dodges the poor, keeps faithfully in front of him a vision of the universe that he has shaped and ordered and married and dowered to his own and universal satisfaction.

When he gets to Kiev, he blunders into the 20th century. Jacob Nathan arranges for his principal, Joseph Schur, to visit the home of the ineffable Sarahle Levine, and Schur's efforts resolve themselves into the confrontation of new and obsolete social life.

In Great Setternitz people talk about money, the mill and Talmud; in Kiev they wonder what is going on in Petersburg. Joseph Schur tries to settle on a dowry for Sarahle but he finds himself trapped in a literary salon. He is jostled by artists, laughed at by intellectuals and imprisoned finally in his own reticence. While he thinks of his mill the conversation is about Zionism, pogroms, Paris and our selves; about the impermanent world whose cycles will absorb the town, the mill, Jacob Nathan's pride and his own faith in the truism of money. It is something of a shock to see how well realized the story has been, from its sense of life in the provinces to the casual conversations in Kieve that poise it in a historical parenthesis. Joseph Schur rushes back to his little world that has about eight or 10 years to run; the others wait for the revolution.

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This is all modern prose: compact, lucid, in the white not the purple part of the spectrum. Not many adjectives, no fear of a blank space. The narration is atonal, very much on the outside of each situation. There is a point where every dialect and every tradition needs to guard itself, but there is another point at which integrity becomes mannerism. This story is a great escape from mannerism. It shows that Yiddish—translated superbly in this case by Leonard Wolf—has the resources for competition. Especially in those most tempting of moments when personality runs wild Bergelson and his translator are able to maintain form. The following is not remarkable—unless we consider that the exposition of character is as hard for realism as for any other mode:

His father, Itzik Maier Schur, had been a fanatical and stingy Hasid, famous for his rages; a man on whom his employees fawned in his presence and whom they mimicked the instant he was gone. While still young, he quarreled with his two sisters, Esther and Hodel, over an inheritance and ever after had asserted loudly that they—his sisters, their husbands and their children—were his enemies to the death. He was harsh to his first wife, the barren one. . . . He was the son of a haughty, intransigent father; a father, who, for more than thirty years, would not let his own sisters into his house; who, a few hours before his death, turned suddenly tender-hearted and wept because he had lived an ugly life.

The other stories are good if not up to this one. Certainly the funniest is Moshe Kulbak's "Zelmenyaner"—the descendants of Reb Zelmen. They begin as a little shtetl of their own, and end as a commune under the benevolent eye of the state; but the grandchildren are as crazy as their grandfathers, and make as much or as little sense of the world as their cast-iron characters will allow. To them the movies and plumbing are as real as the revolution, and they learn to live with all of it in the least accommodating way.

Their Moses is Cousin Berre, who has fought in the Red Army and returns vaguely determined to lead them into the 20th century. With infinite pains he electrifies the common courtyard, and the wonders of the 20th century pour rapidly into this enormous medieval household. By the end the score is Zelmenyaner 112, Wonders of the World zero.

As soon as the electricity comes up it comes down, as outraged uncles pore over scripture to find out what may lawfully be done to confront it. They settle on ripping the wire into shreds, and a battle-royal is started which is a kind of replication of the civil war. The same side wins here, but it isn't going to be a bed of roses for the state. Here is Uncle Yude on modern times:

They sit in his warm hut—by the bluish windows—chatting of world affairs.

"In Moscow," Uncle Yude tells him, "they're already making chickens of cotton batting."

"Untrue," says the potter.

"There is such a machine," Uncle Yude tells him.

"And their souls are made from what material?"

"Electricity," answers Uncle Yude.

"I would not let such chickens into my house. . . ."

They're both right. But it's not too bad for idealization of the gradually disappearing classes, with emotional participation in their fate.

I don't think that Kulbak (at least in this story) or the other pieces in the volume are up to "Joseph Schur," but they are up to 20th century stand belles lettres. The prose doesn't p from the Yiddish soul, but it mi suspected that there is something muses more familiar. In every these stories the author is worki handles of ideas and movements t know, from symbolism to realism great tradition of the modern We novel. They deal with language in satisfying way, and some of the tr of modern criticism could as easi verified from them as from the books that are now more famili couldn't be claimed that Yiddish m successfully into the mainstrean fiction—politics and prisons made impossible. But it can be said Yiddish fiction was capable of e technique that it respected and trie to speak, to assimilate.

Ronald Berm

Ronald Berman is former chairman of National Endowment for the Huma ties.

Reconsideration

We by Yevgeny Zamyatin

Yevgeny Zamyatin was one of the most significant but least recognized casualties of Soviet literary repression. For several years after the Bolshevik revolution, he took a leading role in the intense literary activity of Leningrad, writing for journals and the theater, lecturing at workers' clubs, attracting the attention of talented young writers whom he taught and inspired. Although he welcomed the revolution, hurrying back to Russia from England in September, 1917 (in a characteristic aphorism, he later commented about his return between the fall of the Romanovs in February and the Bolshevik revolt in October that "It is as if I had never been in love and then woke one morning to find I had been married for ten years.") Zamyatin never regarded the revolution "as a consumptive maiden who must be protected from the slightest draft." In his numerous essays and lectures, he expressed his contempt for Bolshevik prejudice, refusing to recognize category labelled "usefulness to Revolution"; static positions, c sonance—all these are obstacles catching the disease of art." His outs ken behavior landed him twice solitary confinement, once under Czar and once under the commissa both times, ironically, along the sa corridor in the same prison.

The contours of Zamyatin's life career, however, are not the princi reasons for the attention he deserv His anti-utopian novel *We* is an acut prophetic fantasy. (A new translation Mirra Ginsburg was published by Ba tam Books in 1972.) Written in 192 before the Soviet regime assumed totalitarian structure, Zamyatin alrea recognized the uniquely despotic natu of what was to come. As Hannah Aren explains in her study of totalitarianis regardless of how ruthless and cruel t extremist movements of the 19th cent

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re, none of them "ever involved members to the complete loss of dual claims and ambition, or had realized that an organization could ed in extinguishing individual ify permanently." But in *We* Zam- describes complete totalitarian ination where everyone is equally rfluous, where all activity is predic-, and where "mathematically infal- happiness"—as the rulers call it—overtaken "the primitive condition reedom."

thousand years in the future, the aining inhabitants of the earth live he One State. A thick glass wall loses their domain, shutting out etation and wildlife. Everyone lives apartments of glass to help the ardians of happiness perform their ties. Tobacco and alcohol are forbid- n. A Table of Hours regulates the day, pointing "the numbers" to work, to tures, even to afternoon walks in nks of four to the "March of the One ate." There is a Personal Hour too, hen the shades can be drawn on the ndition that a sexual partner ssesses an approved pink slip.

The novel is told in the form of a diary ritten by D-503, a mathematician and ilder of the Integral, a rocket ship signed to bring news of the One State inhabitants of distant planets. Even as child D-503 was a convinced believer in e One State, in order, in rationality. wo things, in particular, upset him: the possibility of the square root of minus ne and the fact that once, years before, inkspot soiled his uniform on Unan- ity Day. His language too conforms to is preoccupation with geometry: the riangle eyes" of a woman, an S-shaped an, a paper-thin doctor whose lips semble scissors. But sexual passion isrupts his equilibrium, and his diary ecomes a psychological portrait of his radual willingness to help the beautiful 330 destroy the One State.

Zamyatin admires H.G. Wells and robably derived the inspiration to escribe a society of the future, as Wells id, in order to criticize his own society. nd again, as in Wellsian prognoses, the oncern for humanity that lies at the eart of *We* overshadows the elements f science fiction that animate its plot. ven the public execution of a "trans- ressor," carried out with a ray machine y the Benefactor himself, reflects amyatin's angry satire. "A flash of the ntolerably dazzling blade of the ray, harp as a shiver . . . The prone body nveloped in a light, glowing mist—and nelting, melting before our eyes, dissolving with appalling speed. Then nothing—only a small puddle of chemically pure water, which but a moment ago had pulsed redly, wildly in the heart." The prisoner has been literally liquidated.

As Wells inspired Zamyatin, so Zamyatin had a definite influence on George Orwell. Many scenes and characters in *1984*, written less than 30 years after *We*, resemble aspects of Zamyatin's novel. Winston Smith, the hero of *1984*, becomes involved in subversive activity through his lover, Julia, much in the way D-503 is seduced by I-330. Both couples too are caught by the Thought Police or the Guardians. In *1984*, Winston and Julia enjoy "real coffee and real sugar" in their secret room above Mr. Charrington's shop while in *We* the nonconformists use alcohol and tobacco behind their drawn shades.

In the end, Winston endures years of mental and physical torture in order to erase his ability to think independently. Yet in *We* the methods of control are more refined. Scientists of the One State have "discovered the location of the center of imagination," the newspapers proclaim. "Triple X-ray cautery of this nodule and you are cured of imagination. This is the last barricade on our way to happiness." And just as Winston, relieved of his intelligence, betrays Julia, so D-503, cured of his "former sickness (the soul)," delivers I-330 to the Benefactor.

The coincidence of elements in the two books is not accidental, for Orwell carefully read *We* before writing his own version of the future. In 1946, in a review of the novel for the *Tribune* of London, Orwell found it to be more politically aware than Huxley's *Brave New World*, "more relevant to our own situation."

As Orwell recognized *We* expressed Zamyatin's loyalty to two principles: eternal change and freedom. "There are two forces in the world," he explained in *We*, "entropy and energy. One leads to blissful quietude, to happy equilibrium; the other, to destruction of equilibrium, to tormentingly endless movement." In addition, he offers a logical argument for never-ending revolution: No final number exists because the number of numbers is infinite. Therefore there can be no final revolution—"revolutions are infinite."

Although the circumstances of Zamyatin's life were difficult, *We* proves to be more hopeful than *1984*, more ironic, in contrast to the overdrawn, at times morbid harshness that engulfs Orwell's novel. At the end of *We*, D-503, like

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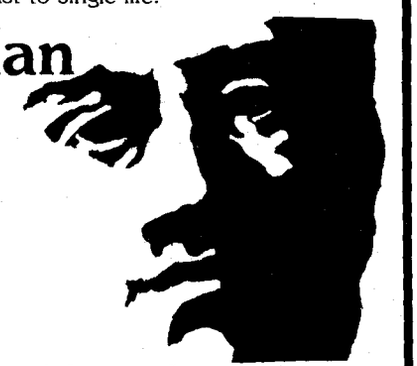

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Winston Smith, no longer suffers passion or thought. He betrays the woman he loves and calmly watches her endure torture. But the woman who loves him has escaped to bear the child he gave her. In addition, a revolt has occurred. "In the western parts of the city there is still chaos, roaring, corpses, beasts, and—a considerable group of numbers who have betrayed Reason." Even the glass wall has been partly destroyed. Surely it can be thrown down again.

Not surprisingly, *We* has never been published in the Soviet Union. After it appeared in translation in Western Europe, Zamyatin was hounded by the literary establishment. Magazines refused to accept his work. Condemned to literary death, Zamyatin appealed to Stalin in 1929 to allow him and his wife to emigrate. (A full translation of the letter can be found in a collection of his short works entitled *The Dragon*.) To Stalin himself, Zamyatin explained: "I know that I have a highly inconvenient habit of speaking what I consider to be the truth rather than saying what may be expedient at the moment. Specifically, I have never concealed my attitude toward literary servility, fawning, and chameleon changes of color: . . . . this is equally degrading both to the writer and to the revolution." He even requested "the right to return as soon as it becomes possible in our country to serve great ideas in literature without cringing before little men." With Gorky's encouragement, Stalin granted the request. In Paris, Zamyatin remained aloof from the conservative, emigré community, and within six years, his heart and stomach deteriorating, he died in exile in 1937.

As the number of Soviet emigrés in the West has grown in recent years, there has been a revival of interest in Zamyatin. Few of the emigrés had the opportunity to read his works in the Soviet Union and then only in photographic reproductions, hastily read and hastily handed on. By reading Zamyatin, however, Russians not only fill one cultural gap, among many imposed by the regime, but also renew connections with a part of their culture they have long been denied. Zamyatin was a personal friend of Blok and Gorky; he exerted enormous influence on younger writers, most notably a group called the Serapion Brothers, which included Michael Zoshchenko and Veniamin Kaverin. And while Westerners, reading him in English, detect a line of literary influence leading from Wells to Orwell, Russians recognize in his idiomatic style, his satire, and his depictions of the grotesque a tradition that includes Gogol, Leskov, and Remizov.

His earlier short works, in particular, stories like "The North" or "A Provincial Tale," express a pessimistic view of Russian life, often combining romance with outright cruelty. These stories have no explicitly political concerns; they confirm Zamyatin's stylistic versatility and his desire to experiment. Just as in politics he sides with those who prefer change to stagnation, so too in literature he refuses to rely on formulas or artistic dogma. "Dealing with answered questions," he believed, "is the privilege of brains constructed like a cow's stomach, which, as we know, is built to digest cud." And while official Soviet critics deny him a place of honor in Russian literature, barely acknowledging his work or his influence on writers they prefer to applaud, Zamyatin still gains the admiration of those who recognize—as he advised—that "the world is kept alive only by heretics."

Joshua Rubenstein

Joshua Rubenstein writes frequently on Soviet authors and is New England Coordinator for Amnesty International.

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Correspondence, *from page 7*

social history. Rather, his complaint is that they did not do so scientifically. Indeed, he can hardly restrain his joy at the fact that "the new history is about structures, systems, processes, patterns of behavior."

Unfortunately, this invocation of jargon has nothing to do with history. To believe that such pale abstractions can open the door to understanding the past is a leap of faith which even the most trusting will hesitate to make. Quantitative techniques are useful tools, but they are no sure guide to historical truth. On the contrary, the more the historian apes the mathematician and the physicist, the less likely he is to understand the men and women of the past.

John Richard Orens
Boston University

TRB, *from page 2*

mentally alter the nature of the e my. In an *Alice in Wonderland* world Thurow, Dr. Burns' Federal Rese trying to break the spiral by ra interest rates to depress investr and at the same time the administr is trying to break the spiral by tax cu stimulate investment! And all the v indexing is driving the problem de into the economy where neither of remedies may be able to reach it.

Using a different metaphor O talks about the "8-and-6" combinat Workers ask wage increases of at eight percent a year and employ amortize this by raising prices by ab six percent a year. Which comes f nobody can say. Okun doesn't th there is a conspiracy; he thinks Am can unions have been "remarkably se restrained," while business mark-u have so far kept below the cost of capit The two sides are just locked into situation that will get worse and th requires specific government action.

While all this is going on I look wi awe at what President Carter is propc ing to do. He is attempting a degree economic fine-tuning, I believe, that h never been attempted before, and th will take a near-miracle to succeed. I and Congress have instituted one of t biggest tax increases in history in Soc Security and unemployment insuran rates from payroll taxes, starting ne year; there are also the new high minimum wage rates, the farm suppo programs, the forthcoming hike petroleum and natural gas taxes. Tl total magnitude of these and other hik sets a record and adds to the inflated co of living.

To balance it he proposes a tax cut \$25 billion. Jerry Ford who was here la week said this tax cut is "just not goc enough." He unexpectedly proposed permanent tax cut of \$68 billion t 1981. The conservative audience of 14C from the American Enterprise Institut rubbed their eyes.

Let me add finally that Arthur Okun very much in earnest. He thinks th year's economy will be like 1977 or little better but that at the end of inflation will increase. "Inflation ha reached a six percent deadrock floor an it's only way is up," he says. The cours we're on is quite dangerously short o breaking the wage price spiral, and h thinks the chances are two to one tha we will have another recession by th election. I would be less anxious about i if I had less respect for Arthur Okun.

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The Craftsmen of
Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
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The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

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Consumer Reports thinks you should know:

How good is the bologna in that sandwich?

Of the 35 brands and varieties of bologna tested by *Consumer Reports* for quality, *nine* were rated Poor or Very Poor for taste. The samples, bought in food stores, were either rancid or showed beginning signs of rancidity.

The start of rancidity can often be detected by a perfume-like scent. So the sweet smell of your bologna may be trying to tell you something.

How does the bologna sandwich compare with the others?

Hamburger	Bologna	Tuna Salad	Peanut Butter
(¼ lb. raw beef, cooked, 1 tbsp. catsup) on bun	(3½ ounces bologna, 1 tbsp. mustard) on white bread	(3½ ounces tuna, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise) on white bread	(1 ounce peanut butter) on white bread

The bologna sandwich earned our lowest vote of confidence.

Consumer Reports explored this in detail in its article "How Good is the Bologna in that Sandwich?"

Here's how bologna stacked up against the other three sandwich foods... (1) Highest in cost-per-ounce of protein (2) Highest in fats and calories. The bologna sandwich, in fact, was over *four* times as expensive as the cheapest sandwich—peanut butter—at the prices prevailing when we made our test. What's more, bologna contains a potentially harmful additive called sodium nitrite.

Consumer Reports gives you the facts behind the "baloney".

Today's supermarket is no place to be on your own.

Without help, it's hard to know about subtle product differences that can cheat your family of nutrients and maybe even cost you more in the bargain.

That's why *Consumer Reports* rates food and household products by testing standards just as rigorous as those we use for automobiles and expensive appliances. Equally rigorous standards are applied to our research into services, such as banking, insurance and much more.

Consumer Reports is the nonprofit, reader-supported magazine of Consumers Union—the nation's leading independent organization for testing and rating consumer products and services.

We don't accept advertising from anyone.

We buy what we test at the same stores you do. And we never accept "free samples" from manufacturers.

Five facts our readers learned that you could have used:

1. Pepperidge Farm Whole Wheat Bread was rated lower nutritionally than Wonder Enriched White Bread.

2. Pizza Hut's 10" Supreme pie gave us the most nutritional buy out of eight fast-food meals we tested... Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips the least.

3. Bounty may be a "quicker picker upper" than lower-priced paper towels. But you may be able to handle most of your cleanup jobs with the cheapest towel you can find.

4. That much-squeezed-on-TV bathroom tissue that touts its softness whittled 150 sheets off each roll. (Once again, it's the customer who gets squeezed.)

5. Two banks can advertise the same interest rate for your savings account. But one pays only $44.93 for the same period for which the other pays $75.30. It's how they *calculate* your interest that counts. (And some of the biggest banks in the country are the stingiest when it comes to paying you interest.)

A lot of companies may not like what we have to say.

But remember, those same companies spend millions of dollars a year on ads and TV commercials for their products and services... so they can give you the facts that serve *their* interests.

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lin! We all have our favorites g his movies, and our favorite s from them. The sheer lunacy of ıachines in *Modern Times*. The dance e bread rolls in *The Gold Rush*. The red madness of the ballet in *The Dictator*. And of course one must orget the buckets of tears which he l make one weep into one's lap. *City s* is surely the greatest tear-jerker made, and the miracle is that the s are legitimate. One falters when tries to find words. Genius? The d is so misused, it sounds flat when l of such effervescence, so aery a it. One almost wishes that, like his nt movies, one could pay him a silent ıute. Why try to find words for what all wordlessly know so much better? : beyond his more obvious gifts, there other things to be said of the man l his work, before we forget to be ıteful. He was not just "one of the ıns of the entertainment world," as *Washington Post* foolishly put it in its ws story. It is hard to think of many ıers in this fearful century who have grappled with it as to help us keep the man spirit intact.

: all remember his "Little Man," the eryman in us who triumphs over versities. But there is more to his ttle Man" than that. In the "century the common man," so banal a phrase, aplin demanded that the common ın be uncommon, and be seen as such. ere is nothing common about his ttle Man": he is a kind of aristocrat. ıen the common man was really mmon, Chaplin did not have the time day for him. Surely this is the point in *e Great Dictator*. Hitler was a common ın who was actually common. Chaplin ıld play both the little Jewish barber d the great dictator in the movie, cause they were both the common ın, but whereas there was nothing lgar about the little barber, there was ly vulgarity in the great dictator. If e common man is in fact common, he ll be as deluded and as dangerous as tler. It was with this kind of truth, and k of sentimentality, that this man alt with this century, for *The Great ctator* dealt with one of its great emes: the relationship between totali- rianism and the common democratic ass, and if he emerged with hope, it as with hope hard won. In *Modern Times* dealt with the impersonality of odern technology, in *City Lights* with verty and the urban culture, in *The Gold Rush* with greed and the acquisitive instinct. He was in this century, every moment of it.

He was in it in yet another way. Great art abolishes the artist. The artist annihilates himself in his work, and so leaves it to be completely itself as art. Yet the paradox is that the greatest art

The Great Dictator

calls back the spirit of the artist, and the two speak to each other in a dialogue which becomes part of our experience. They speak to each other, but do not interfere with each other. Chaplin was on this level. In his movies we are hardly aware of him, as himself or as actor, even though he is recognizable in each film. Yet when we think of them later, when we see them again and then again, when they sift gradually into our lives, their art calls back the artist, to speak to them and so speak doubly to us. I would say, for example, that this is not true of Picasso. We do not need him back in his works; they do not call him back; they would get in the way of each other, he most likely in the way of them; he would add only gossip to them. The art is left supreme. But Chaplin would not free art to be something on its own. He made wondrous things of art, but kept them subject to himself, and so art subject to us. Art has been allowed an absurd supremacy in this century. By making his art call back his own spirit, he called back the human spirit to it.

It is a question, no doubt, of one's own judgment, but if I had been editing a newspaper on Christmas Day, I would have led the front page of next day's paper with the death of Chaplin, and not with the meeting of Begin and Sadat. However important it may be in the long run, the meeting at Ismailia was only one happening among many others like it, which may add up to an event in the end, but have not yet done so. The death of Chaplin was in itself an event. *The New York Times* at least made his death its second lead story, putting it at the top of the front page; but *The Washington Post*, in one of the dazzling miscalculations of which it is capable, put the news down-page, below the fold, thus giving the death of Charlie Chaplin much less prominence than the death of Elvis Presley. CHAPLIN DEAD should have been the lead headline, and it would have made us think deeper about him and his work. There is one reason, of course, why the Begin-Sadat meetings have been over-covered. The media have invested so much in their coverage, to the extent that, on the evening news on Christmas Day, the media was reporting the media reporting the meetings. We drifted away from the television set. Who wanted to watch that? Reporters carrying their own baggage! But we were called back with the shout: "Chaplin's dead!" That was news.

A dislocated shoulder joint and a broken clavicle allow me to talk about myself. This is the only compensation for the pain and the discomfort, and one may as well take advantage of it. It reminds me of a story told by my tutor in political philosophy, when he was discussing the nature of crowds. He had joined a march of the unemployed in London before the war, and had been caught up in their mood, and carried away by the rhetoric of the speeches. His own personality was completely submerged in that of the crowd. Until his tooth began to hurt. At once he was detached from the crowd, and he became himself again as a result of his toothache. Chaplin would have understood that: the "Little Man" separated from the crowd, by his own toothache. Pain concentrates one's mind wonderfully on oneself. Dressing with only one working arm—and that not my right arm—took me 75 minutes on Christmas Eve. I have got it down to 45 minutes. But I still notice the hundreds of individual movements which dressing requires, and which usually we do without a thought. Others also notice one more. But why do so many of them, when they see my arm in its sling, look at it and then ask: "Did you hurt yourself?" No, no! not at all, I feel like answering, I was given the sling for Christmas—by my true love.

H. F.

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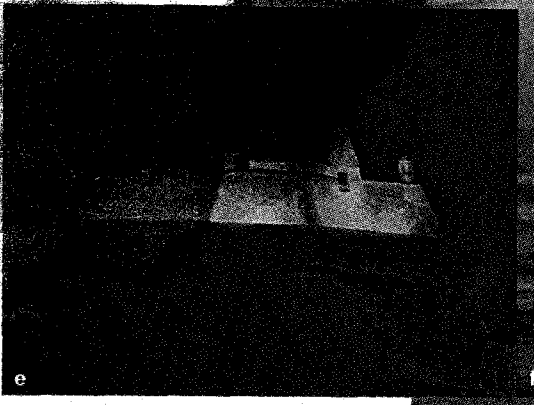

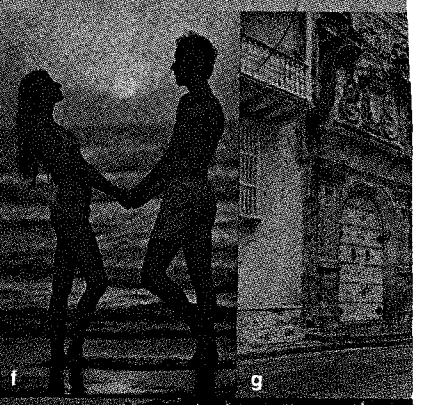

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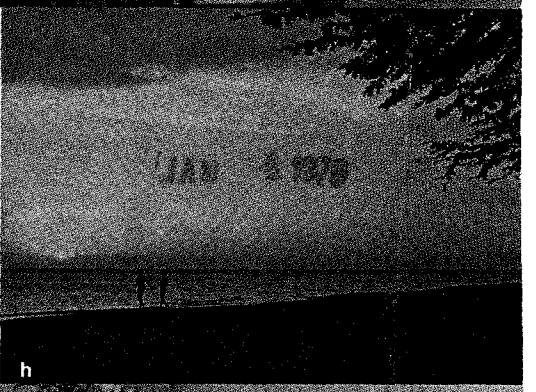

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